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Notes of the Week

A CRISIS is always at hand nowadays, and in its whirling career the Coalition swerves from one to another. Now that Genoa is sinking—if it has not sunk—into oblivion, by the merest coincidence, of course, the whole attention of the country will be directed to and kept on Ireland. These crises prove of great advantage to the present administration. When there is nothing of "vital moment" happening at home and when the world does not find itself at one of the numerous "turning points in its history," Ireland is always ready to step into the breach. She never fails to provide a development of first-class significance. Let us not then lose our heads over what has occurred. If it were not an agreement between Messrs. de Valera and Collins it would be something else. Those who thought that by merely signing a piece of parchment, which was chiefly remarkable for its brilliant legal phraseology, Ireland was going to be set at rest were, of course, destined to be disappointed.

In a leading article we make a suggestion for dealing with the Irish situation. As the Ministers charged with the Irish arrangements are certain to find themselves in the gravest difficulties, we commend a course to them. Let us lay down, by means of a pronouncement the powers which we propose to recognize in Southern Ireland and the responsibilities which we propose to retain for the defence of the island and its relationships with foreign powers. Furthermore, we must state quite clearly our intention to protect Ulster from aggression. Having done these things, let the Southern Irish carry on within the boundaries of their own territory as seems to them best. We need a Monroe doctrine not only for Ireland but for the Empire.

The Government, in our view, is extremely foolish to ask the Southern Irish representatives to another Conference in London. This is the kind of naïveté that we have shown in dealing with Russia. The Russian Government seeks to repudiate the obligations of its predecessor and yet we are quite willing to enter with full confidence into fresh arrangements with it. The same applies to Mr. Collins. Now that he has broken his word, it is hardly appropriate that we should give him a chance of doing so again. Sir James Craig has shown far greater wisdom in asserting that he will have nothing to do with this new Coalition. We fear that there is only too much truth in the announcement that the new agreement will enable this Coalition to concentrate on Ulster. It is our primary duty to protect the Northern Government by every means in our power.

It has hitherto been claimed that the disturbances of Sinn Féin in Ulster were caused by a faction over which the Provisional Government had no control. Now that there is a Coalition this argument will fall to the ground, and any trouble caused by Sinn Féin may be taken to be authorized by the Southern Government. Sir James Craig will now know where to look for the authors of the misdeeds and he will have a Government from whom to demand explanations. The avowed object of the formation of this Government is to restore "stable conditions." We shall be capable of judging fairly what these protestations are worth, especially as there is evidence that the outrages in Ulster were committed by persons specially imported for the purpose from the South.

The Prime Minister had a rousing welcome on his return home. It was not, however, so spontaneous as that recently accorded to Mr. Charles Chaplin. Indeed, it was most efficiently organized. Mr. Lloyd George and his friends have the art of organization in a very high degree. His servants in the Press merely annoy intelligent people week by week with their vulgar adulations. They will discover that they have overreached themselves, and if the Prime Minister really does something, they will find that there is nothing left to say.

Nothing has been more remarkable than the tergiversations of the Kept Press. Very rightly these newspapers were proclaiming the Genoa Conference, on the day prior to its termination, a failure. Even they could find nothing good to say about it. They had to content themselves, as is their wont, with shrieking about the "Herculean efforts," the "uphill battles," "the tireless endeavours," etc., etc., of the Prime Minister. Then Mr. Lloyd George gave an interview and claimed that the Conference had been a success. The same newspapers then changed their tone, and, forgetting their previous comments, indulged in the most extravagant descriptions of the wonders that had been achieved. If we comment on such matters it is not because we attach any undue importance to the opinions of the newspapers in ques-

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tion, but because their blatant disregard for the responsibilities of journalism is illustrative of the worst results of the coalition between the Government and the Press.

We should like full particulars of the eight months' truce—the so-called Pact of Peace—that was signed on the last day of the Genoa Conference. As we understand the matter, the pact was not accepted by France and Belgium, and was accepted by some other countries only with reservations. On his arrival last Saturday the Prime Minister, speaking about the pact, said: "You must remember that a few weeks ago there were armies massing on frontiers extending over thousands of miles, with the very evident intention of marching against each other. . . . By the Genoa Conference the march of these armies has been arrested, and I believe that the order will never be given for a single battalion to go forward." In spite of this confident language the facts are that Europe is still an armed camp, that the war party, headed by Trotsky, is strong in Soviet Russia, that the Red Army is being reorganized by German officers, and that if fresh Red troops are not being massed to-day over against Poland and Rumania no disposition is being shown to withdraw or reduce the large forces already concentrated on the farther side of, but still close to, the western frontiers of Russia. Nor do we hear of a reduction in the strength of the central "Border States" thus threatened. It may be noted that the Rumanian Premier during the last few days is reported to have negotiated in Paris an agreement with France which is almost certain to have a military significance. In these circumstances what is the good of Mr. Lloyd George coining flowery phrases about Peace?

In his valedictory oration at Genoa Mr. Lloyd George announced that there would be closer political and economic co-operation between Italy and Britain than there had recently been. No doubt only too glad to get away, the correspondents of London papers rather lost sight of the importance of this statement, and it was left to the representative of the *Manchester Guardian*, which has so many "scoops" to its credit, to follow the matter up by interviewing the Italian Foreign Minister, and thus discovering what Mr. Lloyd George had in his mind. We gather from this interview that there is no definite agreement, but that something of the kind is in the wind. The Italian Foreign Minister remarked that if public opinion approved, Italy and Britain would "sit round a table and draw up the practical consequences of a general understanding." Well and good. What, however, is not quite satisfactory is that the same correspondent heard, though from another source, that the negotiations which had been going on had broken off at Asia Minor. This, to say the least of it, is most unfortunate. A settlement of the Near East question appears to be no nearer than it was many months ago. Italy, as well as France, has agreed to send a commission to inquire into the Anatolian atrocities—and this is as far as the business has got!

One of the few really good things that have come out of Genoa—not out of the Conference but rather as a side-show—is that Italy and Yugo-Slavia have composed their differences respecting the Eastern Adriatic. An agreement has been signed by which the question of Fiume is referred to a mixed commission for settlement. If the commission cannot agree, the matter is left to the decision of the Swiss President, which is to be final. The question of Zara has been definitively settled on a commonsense basis of give and take. Finally, Italy has agreed to withdraw from those parts of Dalmatia which she is still occupying. We trust that these various arrangements, which seem reasonable, will be quickly carried out; the sooner the better, for the

general benefit. We note that Italy, who already has a trade agreement with Germany, has now made a convention with Poland. In the present situation of Europe, these international pacts are all to the good.

It is much to be regretted that the position of Austria shows no improvement, but rather the reverse. With the exchange value of the crown, which before the war was about twenty-four crowns to the pound sterling, now fluctuating between forty thousand and fifty thousand to the pound, it is evident that she is in *extremis*, and may soon be past redemption. When, some time ago, it was suggested that Britain should help her with a loan of a couple of millions sterling, we were disposed to welcome the proposal, provided there was a fair prospect of the sum being of real service in putting her on her feet again. This seemed all the more likely as France and one or two other countries were coming forward with similar offers of assistance. The British Government granted the loan, of which we do not know how much has been paid or credited to Austria; nor do we know what France has done in the matter. But it is now painfully clear that the result has been very different from that anticipated. How much, we wonder, has Britain advanced? Still more do we wonder whether the time has not come for abandoning this sort of policy altogether. Under the circumstances it would surely be better to cut short our losses in Europe, so far as is possible, and concentrate our efforts on the Empire.

We heartily commend the line taken by Colonel Ward in his observations on the Government of the Sudan Loan Bill when that measure was discussed in the House on Monday last. He said quite rightly that it was absolutely absurd for our Government to grant loans to the Sudan if that country was to be handed over to Egypt, as was proposed in the draft Constitution which is now being considered by Sarwat Pasha and his Government. He stated, as is the case, that a set was being made against the British connexion with the Sudan. And he added that it was suggested that our Government, far from taking a firm stand, was actually deliberating whether Egypt's claim to the Sudan was not justified. Replying for the Government Mr. Cecil Harmsworth said that no change was contemplated with respect to the status of the Sudan, and he backed up his statement by quoting from the speech made at the end of February by Mr. Lloyd George on British policy in Egypt. This, we confess, gives us little comfort. That speech announced an exceedingly quick change of policy, and we are afraid there is nothing to prevent another speech with another quick change.

The case which King Feisal makes against our retention of the mandate for Irak is well argued. Amongst superstitious people—not excluding the Irish—great significance is attached to mere words and phrases, and it would appear that the inhabitants of Mesopotamia consider that the word "mandate" bears a suggestion of tutelage. They object to it, in fact, on the same ground as the Egyptians objected to the word "protectorate." It is associated with the suppression of insurrection and the introduction of officials. Accordingly, Feisal proposes to substitute a treaty assuring to us the same privileges which would have accrued under the mandate. This would allow Irak herself to be represented on the League of Nations so that both parties might share an equal responsibility to the League for the good and peaceful administration of the country. Feisal does not pretend that Irak can prosper without British assistance, but as the inhabitants have to pay for it, they wish the King to control the officials whom he employs. It is thus clear that the granting of the Egypt

tian constitution has not been without influence as a precedent. The at present courteous arguments of King Feisal are a timely warning of future difficulties and will have to be considered prudently having regard to their potential reactions on our Imperial problems.

Lord Balfour gave a definition to the Council of the League of Nations which, accurate as it may be, is not calculated to allay the anxiety of Irak. "A Mandate," he said, "is a self-imposed limitation by the conquerors on the sovereignty which they exercise over the conquered territories." The word "conquerors" is not exactly happy. It is, in fact, so blatantly injudicious that it is bound to sow seeds of discord in many regions of the world. In theory the device of the mandate is ingenious. It is intended to abate the envy that expanding nations have for the imperial possessions of others. With the awakening of the Asiatic peoples, however, our imperial dangers are not so much to be found from without as in the desire of the administered peoples themselves for responsibility in their own government. Mandates may be satisfactory for years to come in the Continent of Africa, but in Asia they are judged not by the theoretical advantages which they bring to the administering power but by their effect on the susceptibilities of those who are administered.

There is truth in the declaration of Dr. Rathenau that no creditor should hinder his debtor from the discharge of his debt. He referred, of course, to the restrictions on the economic life of Germany, the reactions of which are being universally felt. But the proposition applies equally to our own debt to the United States. If America insists on taxing the goods which we export to her—the only means whereby we can liquidate our obligation—how can she morally complain of the outstanding obligations? A creditor has moral duties as well as legal rights.

Not content with the error of judgment he made on the Teachers' Bill, Mr. Chamberlain, whose incapacity to control the House of Commons has on more than one occasion been the subject of comment in these columns, perpetrated a series of blunders in arranging the Genoa debate. When the House protested against Mr. Lloyd George's decision to speak last instead of first, he announced that this was the first time he had ever known an opposition endeavouring to dictate to the Government the course it should pursue. This was obviously ridiculous in view of the toss the Government had taken the week before. But it was made still more ridiculous by his giving way in view of the threatened strike of speakers. We ourselves can see no objection to the Government putting forward its case in any manner and by any mouth it chooses. But we can see every objection to its adopting without scruple not only the strategy but the tactics that its opponents dictate. This is not government at all. The Coalition has accommodated itself to the policies of the Oppositions with an easiness of conscience which would do credit to a plagiarist of the deepest dye.

The Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords, which, reversing its previous finding, decided by a majority of twenty to four to exclude Peeresses in their own right from the Upper Chamber, has dealt a great blow at the fashionable notions of our time. The effect of the decision is that while a person of either sex may be raised to the dignity of a peerage of the United Kingdom, those of the feminine sex signalled out for such high honour are not to share the corresponding responsibilities. Frequently in these columns we have commented on the fact that women,

now that they have been emancipated, should not be allowed to enjoy their new privileges without assuming those duties which are their natural counterpart. But the House of Lords' decision, quite properly, as we think, gives official sanction to an exception to this principle.

An effort is being made to bring the manufacture of glass bottles under the protection of the Safeguarding of Industries Act. To do this would be a misapplication of the Act, which was designed to protect "Key Industries"—i.e., industries vital to the country in the event of war. We hope we shall not be suspected of belittling the value of bottles when we say that the safety of Britain cannot be held to depend upon them. Even "plum-and-apple" is not supplied in bottles. It is not that bottles are "dumped" in this country from the Continent—"dumping" of this particular commodity is to the best of our belief non-existent—but that British firms needing bottles buy largely from abroad because they can get a better article there, even if it costs them more. In this case the remedy for British bottle-makers is not to claim protection, but to make better bottles. Unless, of course, they prefer to have their wares classed in the same category as doll's eyes and teddy-bears that squeak as distinct from those that are dumb.

The Press went off last week in its usual hot-weather explosion of medical opinion on what we should eat and drink, and wherewithal we should be clothed. "Drink nothing," says one medical stoic; "copious draughts of water and fruit juice, or wine and water, but no ice," says another. "Drinks should be iced," concedes a weaker but saner brother. "Avoid heavy foods," booms a warning voice, adding, however, that "a slice of beef or mutton, chops, steaks, soups, fish and chicken, ham and tongue, eggs, and, of course, vegetables and fruits may be taken"; while the same austere adviser considers that a "light breakfast" of some cereal food, fish, eggs and bacon, kidneys or mushrooms with toast and marmalade "should be sufficient" during the heat wave. We think so, too; and short of taking roast pork or beefsteak pudding with our early morning tea, we do not see how it would be possible to go beyond this limit. All, except the *Daily News*, absolutely forbid cocoa.

We wonder by what inscrutable law of journalistic etiquette the word "soul" is exclusively reserved by newspapers for use in connexion with disasters at sea. We have never read, for instance, of two thousand "souls" being killed in a land battle, or fifteen "souls" meeting their death in a railway accident; but whenever there is a calamity at sea involving casualties, the victims are invariably referred to as "souls." We have observed a similar monopoly in the case of convicted murderers. These unfortunate persons, like old soldiers, never merely die. Far more magnificent in their exit, they are "launched into eternity."

At a time when we are suffering from the meddling of the State in every kind of enterprise which ought to depend on organized individuality, English literature may be proud of the fact that it has no endowment whatever from the State; and however severe may be its hardships compared with that of the "safe" services and richly endowed professions, there is a certain nobility in the hardship, and there should be a certain pride in the fact that literature, in this, as in so many other things, fulfils its task of pointing out the true if thorny path. All the more reason, therefore, why such an admirably conducted institution as the Royal Literary Fund should receive the generous support of the public that owes so much to literature; and this view was eloquently urged by

Lord Ernle and the other speakers at the Royal Literary Fund dinner last week. It was perhaps proper in the circumstances that speakers identified with literature pure and simple were conspicuous by their absence, and that the claims of the Society should be urged by men like Sir Renell Rodd and Dean Inge, who court the muse from the safe and well-furnished ambush of other professions. But looking round at certain guests who had really had a hand in maintaining the high standard of the English literature of their day, we could not suppress the wish that at least one of them might have been heard in reply to the toast of Literature. We trust that the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will not be behind-hand in supporting this Fund, which we know from experience to be admirably administered. Its address is Stationers' Hall, E.C.

The brilliant weather has made huge cricket scores and weary bowlers. Weakness in bowling is obvious in Surrey, whose new hands do not strike us as great discoveries at present. On paper Surrey should beat Essex, but they had a chance of losing on Tuesday. Russell showed that he is one of the soundest bats in the country, but except on the leg side he was not enterprising, as Hobbs is. Hitch overdid himself, as usual, with his immense run to the wicket. Macaulay, who has wisely shortened his bowling stride, and Waddington are keeping Yorkshire in front by their bowling. Lancashire are also formidable, and with Parkin at his best may be too much for any side.

IRELAND AGAIN

DESPITE the methods whereby the "Articles of Agreement" with Sinn Fein were reached, Englishmen willingly allowed themselves to believe kind things of those who signed them in the Irish behalf. It is true that we, in these columns, remained sceptical. We saw certain advantages in allowing the South of Ireland to cut its own throat if it would, rather than to cut ours. But we made a significant comment:

Superficially [we affirmed, on December 24 last year] it would appear that the wedge is no longer driven between Ireland and England, but into Sinn Fein. With a tiresome monotony, speaker after speaker has risen in the Dail, the one on the side of ratification, the other against it. It would appear indeed that Mr. Lloyd George had once more succeeded in dividing his enemies. But this is not so. There is no real division between the Sinn Feiners. What they are disputing about is how to get the impossible. The Irish have this strange peculiarity. They can wax passionate about tactics. The love of disputation is so deeply ingrained that the whole dispute in the Dail is about whom they shall dispute with in future. It clearly emerges from the discussion that there is a large body of people in Southern Ireland who would prefer to go on disputing with England than to have the prospect of perennally disputing with one another. This is the whole issue.

That issue, it would appear, has now been decided. The two parties who simulated a division on a fundamental issue (namely, whether Ireland should be a republic owing no allegiance to, and having no connexion with, this country, or whether she should be a free state of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth) have now fallen into one another's arms. When Mr. Collins is asked, "What about the Treaty which you signed?" what does he answer?

If [avers Mr. Collins] this agreement imperils the Treaty, we have to face that situation in this manner—that we have made an agreement which will bring stable conditions to the country, and if those stable conditions are not more valuable than any other agreement, well then we must face what these stable conditions will enable us to face.

If this is not a most callously expressed contempt for the proprieties of decent intercourse, whether public or private, we do not know what marks honesty from its opposite. What, in effect, Mr. Collins is saying is not that he loved the Articles of Agreement less, but

that he loves dishonour more. What he proclaims to the world is that he signed his name to a cheque which it does not suit him to meet. There is now something else, which he euphemistically terms "stable conditions," which he desires to buy from Mr. de Valera and to pay for with the money already owed to others. And so these six months of haggling negotiations solemnly conducted by him were but a blind, and the agreement in which they culminated a hollow sham.

What we now have to consider is where this new development lands us. And the answer is, exactly where we were the day before the development occurred. Southern Ireland is withdrawn from our responsibility. We welcomed that change at the time, because we saw no alternative between it and the draining of British blood and treasure on a futile enterprise. The disease was too far advanced for us to cure it. It only remained for us to withdraw from the area of infection. To that point of view we still adhere. The process of imperial devolution has begun and Ireland and Egypt are enjoying the first fruits of independence. In neither case have our difficulties been terminated by the mere granting—or restoration, if you will—of domestic institutions. Why? There is an answer which is also a lesson. In either case the acquisition by the country in question of its new status has been the result of prolonged negotiations. In both cases also there has been trouble about the operation of the agreement itself, and in the case of Ireland it looks as if the agreement were, as we said at the time of its signature, "a cheque on a rotten bank." It is really not worth the paper it is written on. Yet, in spite of this, Mr. Churchill solemnly invites Messrs. Collins and Griffith to London, presumably in order to discover a formula which shall make the thing appear what it is not. There will be more negotiations, more conferences. Surely it is time this foolish diplomacy ceased. The representatives of nations do not now keep agreements which do not suit them. For Heaven's sake, let us understand this and cease to undertake any more. Russia stole our money; yet Mr. Lloyd George went to Genoa to make an agreement with the thieves. Mr. Collins has virtually repudiated the Agreement; yet Mr. Churchill invites him to London to make another. In the circumstances—lest our criticism should be assumed to be destructive—let us make a suggestion. It applies equally to every section of the Empire on which it may be proposed from time to time to devolve sovereignty. Let us have no negotiations, no conferences. Let us instead state clearly the degree of authority we propose to confer, the limits of the territory in which it shall be exercised and the attitude which we propose in future to adopt towards the new State. In other words, let us have a Monroe doctrine for the Empire. Let us start with Ireland. Let us define the limits of the territory of the South. Let the people set up within it what Government they will and let them call it a Republic, a Kingdom, an Empire, or anything else they please. What does it matter to us what they call their area so long as we retain our strategic interest? There is no particular virtue in a name. It is to the substance that we must have regard. If the Irish like to call their present anarchy by any name chosen from the vocabulary of political science, why should we bother? Having determined on our course of granting them responsibility for the conduct of their own affairs, let there be no artificial cause of quarrel between us. There is nothing that they desire more than to perpetuate the age-long controversy. We must have none of it. What then are our interests in Ireland?

The "Irish problem" remains unsolved. There has been no reconciliation between North and South, nor is there likely to be any for a considerable time. That being so, in proclaiming our Monroe doctrine for Ireland, we must assert, first, that we will protect Ulster from any invasion. Not only must we say it but we must do it. Secondly, we must define our strategic responsibilities; the Imperial Government must have harbour

facilities and such other facilities as they may require. It must be clearly laid down that any agreement of a military or naval nature concluded by any foreign power with the South of Ireland shall be considered as a hostile act against this country; and *a fortiori* any landing of forces by such power. The same principles should be applied in the case of Egypt, with the appropriate reservations regarding the Suez Canal. In short, there must be substituted for this unsatisfactory method of conference the method of pronouncement. There must be substituted for the method of agreements—which are never kept—the method of saying what we mean and not arguing about it. There is another aspect. It is degrading that the British Empire should dispute and haggle with small peoples who cannot keep their word. If we are determined on the course of emancipating nations from our administration, it is not meet that we should bargain with them; it is appropriate that we should grant them what we desire, reserving to ourselves such powers as it is advantageous for us to keep. The Prime Minister in domestic, as in international, affairs has reduced the conference habit *ad absurdum*. It is a means of arriving at—or rather avoiding—conclusions more appropriate to the bazaars of the East than to the politics of the West. To what has it brought us? It has meant that any section of people, by applying the methods of M. Coué, can get whatever it wants from this great commonwealth. And particularly when the new doctrine of psychology is reinforced by a sabre or a machine-gun the claim that "every day and in every way we are getting more and more plunder" has in it a certain element of truth.

THE BOXING BUBBLE

OF all the words in the English language which in this hyperbolic age have been brought into contempt, perhaps the most often abused is the adjective "great." There is no need to search for instances; they glare at us from every headline and hoarding, insistently and indiscriminately: the Great War, the Great Drought, the Great Fight, Great Free Insurance, Great Holiday Exodus, Great White Sale—not forgetting "London's Great Morning Newspaper", or the Flowing Beards' Delight. Now "great" is a great word; it conveys, or should convey, primarily a sense of quality, and only secondly, or not at all, a sense of quantity; and it should accordingly be employed with the utmost discrimination. There is almost a moral quality in the word. If you were to write the words, "Great Fight," you ought to mean by them not only that the fight in question is "great" in point of view of the amount of money made out of it, or the number of persons who witness it, or even of the size of the combatants' biceps; but you ought also to mean that the rivals are well-matched, highly skilled in their art, in every way honourable and worthy of the large gathering and vast sums of money involved—in a word, that the fight is not only Titanic but Homeric.

Today the Great Fights which are staged from time to time are not only un-Homeric, but positively unfair. They are unfair to the public who are mulcted of large sums to witness a farcical contest the conclusion of which is foregone, and they are unfair to boxers, who derive from them an altogether exaggerated idea of their own value and ability; they are also very often unfair in the sporting sense, the two protagonists being so unequal in size, weight and skill that they ought never to have been matched. We have had in the past too many examples of these Great Fights; the most recent is fresh in the public mind. And it is at the threat of a second "Carp. and Demp." contest—than which we can imagine no more disgraceful travesty of sport—that the SATURDAY REVIEW has thought it time to protest in the strongest possible terms against the whole business. For business it is, simply and solely. It is all very pleasant to talk of the "boxing boom";

there is no boxing boom, but there is a big money-making boom, in which promoters see their opportunity to exploit the boxers and to fleece the public, and in which sport in the proper sense of the word is the last and least consideration.

The procedure is by now familiar. The blame must be laid chiefly, of course, on the promoters, who gather the profits. But it is also partly the fault of the boxers, who not unnaturally take advantage of the situation, and partly also of the Press, which lends itself to the systematic deception of the public and the artificial stimulation of interest. By the application of Coué-ism to the needs of the box-office, the desired effect is produced. With extreme skill and persistency the public, which at the outset suspected something of the ridiculousness of the contest, is led by degrees to believe that "the other man" really has something like an equal chance of success. Consequently the public attends the fight, and is, of course, disappointed. But it has paid, which is all that matters. Before the recent Carpentier-Lewis fight, for example, the public were given to understand that the difference in weight between the two boxers would be at the most 14 lbs.; the men actually met at a difference of about 24 lbs. After the Dempsey-Carpentier fight at New Jersey, Dempsey remarked that Carpentier does not know how to hit, and that he himself never felt shaken or hurt by Carpentier at all. But now, viewing through his monocle the vision of another five-figure cheque, he has changed his opinion. It is also being suggested that Carpentier found the air of New Jersey unfavourable for training. Already, in fact, the insidious campaign of propaganda has begun, and will probably culminate in another hoodwinking of the public and another enormous profit for the promoters.

None of this would be of particular importance were it not that thereby immense harm is done to the legitimate sport of boxing. The first consideration for the promoter of these "spectacles" is not, What two boxers will make the best contest? but, What two boxers will draw the most money? There is no argument against a large purse, provided both combatants are worth it. In order to guarantee that neither shall engage in a contest in which he has no chance of success, each should be required to put up a side-stake in proportion to the total sum of the "purse." For the comparatively small side-stakes now paid protect the boxers from all financial risk, since both winner and loser in these inflated matches receive large sums. A boxer can even step into the ring at the wrong weight without the fear of any penalty more serious than the forfeiture of his infinitesimal side-stake, which may not even be real money. Swollen purses make swollen heads, with the result that a boxer with any pretensions to a title cannot now be induced to enter an ordinary straightforward contest for which the prize offered is commensurate with his real ability. Nothing could be worse for the sport. Quite recently a boxer well known to the public refused to fight for a purse of well over a thousand pounds, but shortly afterwards he had to fight for a paltry fifty. Another well-known "star" has for a long time refused to box owing to the lack of what is, in his opinion, an adequate reward. It is foolish of him, for he grows old and will not long have it in his power to command a large prize; but it is the present-day boxing promoter who has spoilt him and his fellows.

The remedy lies with the public. But, as we have indicated, it will not be easy for them to apply it, for they are cleverly and consistently fooled by propaganda. Yet if they would firmly refuse to pay the high prices charged for seats, the undesirable phenomenon of worked-up fights would soon disappear, and the sport would again resume a healthy and temperate tenour. For the present promoters have no interest in the sport itself, and directly they see a possibility of losing money, they will cease to meddle in it. Then, but not till then, boxing matches may perhaps justly deserve the epithet "great."

SHABBY OPERA

BY FILSON YOUNG

THE critics have been more than kind to the performances of the British National Opera Company at Covent Garden. Ample credit has been given, not only to the courage and enterprise that made them launch their ambitious season, but to the many positive excellences in the performances themselves. Among these merits, and by far the most important of them, is the proving beyond doubt that in England we have a constantly improving and developing school of opera singing; that the day of necessary invasion by German and Italian singers is definitely over; and that so far as voices go we have the nucleus of a school of stage singing which is firmly established and will certainly develop.

This said, and repositied in our hearts with grateful acknowledgments to Sir Thomas Beecham, the Carl Rosa Company and others who have laid the foundations, there remains something else to be said: namely, that the kind of opera now being presented at Covent Garden in place of the 'Grand Opera' of old times, is by no means entirely worthy either of the earnestness of the artistic ideals that inspire it, nor of the people engaged in doing it, nor of the public that is handsomely supporting it. There has come to be a kind of tradition established in England, and fostered by the Manchester Repertory Theatre, the Stage Society, the 'Old Vic,' and other improving institutions, that if an artistic enterprise is shabby it must be good, and that if it is good it ought to be shabby. We are nowhere so puritan as in our ideas of art, and the tiaras and flowers and lovely fabrics that adorned the Opera House in the old seasons of Italian Opera are deemed in themselves a kind of wickedness, incompatible with artistic excellence. I do not know why this should be so. We had plenty of Wagner in the old days, and I seem to remember that we used to have (in addition to Royalties, diamond tiaras, and *grandes toilettes*), such artistic events as Richter, Jean de Reszke, Edouard de Reszke, Ternina and Van Rooy, all performing on the same evening. And there was nothing dingy about the performance. It had its defects sometimes, chiefly due to insufficient rehearsal and consequent defective *ensemble*. In those days the critics used to jeer at the fact that the chorus were singing in one language and the principals in another, or perhaps two others. But we know better now. We know that it does not very much matter what language they are singing in; that as nineteen-twentieths of the audience cannot hear the words, the language in which they are uttered comes about twentieth in the list of things essential to a good performance. And what do we find to-day? The old defects without the old brilliant merits. For merits there are, as I have already said; new merits and very desirable ones. But the whole result does not really represent an artistic advance on fifteen years of familiarity with, let us say, the great Wagnerian masterpieces.

I have always regarded 'Die Meistersinger' as a test both of the artistic standards of production and of the attitude towards opera as a whole adopted by those taking part in its performance; and with that in my mind I attended a performance of 'Die Meistersinger' last week. Its merits were surprising; its defects were familiar. In other words, one had no right to hope for its merits, and no right to tolerate its defects. The merits were hard to attain; the defects would have been easy to remove. What I really missed was a directing hand or personality. The conductor, Mr. Buesst, who, I think, was Sir Thomas Beecham's *repetiteur*, proved, as might be expected, less competent to grasp and direct the performance as a whole than to keep it going from the standpoint of a musical drill-sergeant. His great merit was animation; but often this developed into an excessive speed, as though he had a train to catch at the end of the performance. There were several inexcusable false entries and general tangles-up

on the stage, of which the audience as a whole were blandly unaware. Everything was done on the stage by tradition; but tradition at about twenty removes from the original inspiration, and failing where it was most required.

It is well to give instances, and here are three. The lighting of the second act, a lovely and easy effect of a summer evening merging into night, was, as usual, badly bungled. The sky backcloth remained brightly lit throughout the act, and the footlights, front battens and wing-ladders were turned down with a jerk five minutes after the curtain rose. I know the costly and efficient "resistance" apparatus at Covent Garden, and I know how that evening light can be made to fade imperceptibly *through twenty minutes*, because I have done it. I know the wonderful atmospheric effect of blue light on that sky-cloth, because I have got it—at a rehearsal; at the subsequent performance they went back to the time-honoured jerks and green sky. The proper lighting plot, which I will put on paper for any stage manager who will use it, gives you the fading glow, followed by the deepening blue of the night sky that gradually becomes flooded with light as the moon rises. In short, it gives you *atmosphere*, the only kind of realism worth having. Another instance is that of Kothner trying to be funny over the reading out of the rules, emphasizing them like a professor of elocution, instead of intoning them as a kind of ritual. And a third instance is the total ignoring of Wagner's delicious pantomime in the Apprentices' dance in the third act, where the seven-bar measures are so expressive of the charmingly dramatic little romp that ought to take the place of the listless shuffling tolerated at Covent Garden.

Now all this simply means that the British National Opera Company, or whoever directs it, had not sat down and carefully thought out what they were going to do with the 'Meistersinger'; whether they were going to reconsider it, abandon all the Grand Opera traditions of setting, costumes, etc., and think out a new and living setting for the immortal glowing drama that lies in the music; or whether they were going to do it in the old Munich and Bayreuth manner, but see to it that it was as near perfection, in the things that care and trouble could attain, as was possible. Neither of these plans was adopted and the result was a bad caricature of the old tradition. I am aware that the audience did not think so; that the audience as a whole was pleased; and I heard people going out talking of it with admiration, referring to the opera as complicated, exacting, and involving a terrible strain on all concerned. It is nothing of the kind. The score is a very simple one and modern orchestral players, especially those who, as in this case, have been inspired and drilled in years gone by by Sir Thomas Beecham, almost know it by heart and could give all their attention to interpretation. And what is wanted, I suggest, is a happy, almost a ragging, spirit such as inspired the marvellous performances under Sir Thomas in his last lamented season. I have heard 'Meistersinger' all over the world; in Germany, in France, in America, in Spain, as well as innumerable times in London; but the best all-round performances I have heard were those given by the Beecham Opera Company in 1920. There were no great stars; but, what was better, there was a perfect harmony of lesser lights who entered into the spirit of this beautiful entertainment and played and sang it as though it were a wonderful game.

I have no wish to sound a note discordant with the general chorus in praise of the National Opera Company. But I cannot see that they will either have commercial or financial success in the long run if they are content with doing Grand Opera in a shabby way. I do not necessarily mean physical shabbiness or inexpensiveness; I mean the artistic shabbiness which consists in the kind of errors I have described; in allowing Walther to look grotesque, in making the Meistersingers appear as comic caricatures of the

Dürer portraits on which their original make-up was founded, or in trusting Beckmesser's part to a singer with a weak mellifluous voice, who has totally failed to grasp the significance and humour as well as the pathos of that part, as Mr. Herbert Langley, better than any German I have heard, represented it two years ago. There was an English tradition ready to hand, but it was not taken advantage of.

Many people will disagree with me, and think I am discouraging the most worthy enterprise; but I truly mean to encourage it. The fact that an audience has grown up that may not know whether a performance is good or not, does not necessarily mean that an artistic enterprise is successful. And with regard to 'Die Meistersinger,' I would remind the British National Opera Company that, properly performed, it is the most profitable Wagner opera from the box-office point of view that can be put on at Covent Garden. In proportion to what it costs it brings more in than any other. It is a safe draw. The English people really appreciate it, and if someone would back me I would guarantee to put it on, cut down to three-and-a-half hours in length, for a six-weeks' run at a West End theatre, and, if not make money, at any rate not lose it. I would equally guarantee to supervise a stage performance of 'Meistersinger' for this company, using the existing material which they possess, and, without spending a penny of extra money, eliminate practically all the faults that I have complained of. This is merely another way of saying that with the admirable material available, a performance of 'Meistersinger' could be given which would glow with beauty and excellence; and incidentally fill the house to overflowing. The loving care for minute detail necessary to produce such a result cannot, perhaps, be expected of the over-worked stage manager, who has to be responsible for a large repertoire. It requires study and experience of every part and every moment of the action; and I can only boast possession of this with regard to 'Meistersinger,' and possibly 'Tristan'—a far easier problem, by the way, and one invariably bungled.

Having said all this, let me congratulate Miss Miriam Licette on the development both of her voice and her art, and thank her for one of the pleasantest and most Wagnerian Evas I have encountered; Mr. Shanks, too, for a well-acted and often finely sung Hans Sachs. I would ask Mr. Buesst to restore the proper full-organ accompaniment to the opening chorale, in place of the attenuated *a capella* effect that has crept in. I know the argument: that the organ is too far from the singers to enable them to keep time and pitch. It is nonsense; the organ at Covent Garden is not so far from the singers as it is in many cathedrals. All that is required is that the organist should accompany them, and keep them together as he would an ordinary congregation. A little roughness only adds to the effect of reality. Also, Walther should be half hidden behind a pillar—not occupying the centre of the stage with absurd antics.

My criticisms being constructive and definite, I shall go again to this performance, and see if any changes have been made in the directions indicated, and duly record them if they have. If they have not, the inference will be that the British National Opera Company have arrived rapidly at perfection, and need no assistance.

"SATURDAY" DINNERS

VII—AT VERREY'S

VERREY'S is not indeed the oldest eating-house in the West End; Hatchett's for one is much older; but Verrey's may, we think, fairly be described as the most senior of those West End establishments which from their beginning have had the characteristics of the Continental café-restaurant. To this day it keeps some suggestion of late Georgian or very early Victorian atmosphere. Sooner or later

there will be a transformation, for rebuilding of premises is in contemplation; the house has a yard extending back from Regent Street to Hanover Court, and could be made generally more roomy, which we should regret, besides securing more space in its kitchen, which it certainly needs. Meanwhile, Verrey's, still dominated by M. Max, who has been there about forty years, holds in the main to the old days. It has a dining-room on the first floor, where an eight-and-sixpenny dinner *à prix fixe* is served; on the ground floor is the pleasant room in which one orders meals *à la carte*. To the regret of M. Max and of the chef, M. Ellena, an Italian trained in the French school, most of the diners in the latter do not order dinners of even three courses, confining themselves as a rule to something from the grill and a sweet or a savoury.

It was, therefore, we understand with special enthusiasm that these two authorities set about devising a special dinner for us. The material results, as we shall presently acknowledge in detail, were good; the nomenclature pleased us less, and if the object of the menu is to inform the diner what he is about to have, this menu at some points failed in its object.

Royal Natives du George V
Piquant au Raifort
Elixir de Quadruple à la Chez-soi
Noyeuse de Côte d'Azur à la Verrey
Terrine de Gibier à Plume Lloyd George
Pommes Gastronomes. Légumes des Alliés
Désir des Dames d'Aujord'hui
avec la Consent Naturelle

The oysters, which were of good quality, were served in a large sabot fashioned out of a block of ice, and horse-radish sauce accompanied them. The soup was appropriate, being delicate in flavour, highly concentrated and not excessive in the quantity served. The fish with the fantastic name was a poached sole coated with a sauce which was something of a novelty, though dishes of this kind really differ less from each other than chefs profess, and the merit of this was in the careful cooking. It quite deserved the thanks we offered M. Ellena later on, when seeing over the kitchen. The *Terrine de Gibier à Plume Lloyd George* was in fact pheasant treated, unless for some detail imperceptible by the consumer, in the ordinary way of casserole recipes, and though agreeable quite unremarkable. Usually one expects a salad with the bird, and rightly, but a change is not unwelcome, and we do not complain of its absence on this occasion. The potatoes appeared in their skins, refilled after the original contents had been worked up more or less after the manner of *Pommes de Terre Mousseline*. We rather doubt the propriety of serving large potatoes in this way in company with a bird, and would suggest that they be reserved for butcher's meat. The mixed vegetables were more in keeping. The ice-sweet was mediocre, being rather woolly in texture and perhaps not quite cold enough.

The wine taken with this dinner was a Graves, not a bad wine in any way, but perhaps too acid for some tastes, and a Burgundy of average quality. The courteous and willing waiter seemed to have an idea that the first should be abolished at the earliest possible moment and the latter be in the glasses as soon as the fish reached the table, at which stage, to put matters gently, it would have been premature. The presence of oysters on the menu would have suggested to nine people out of ten the ordering of Chablis, but we hold with the tenth. Chablis with oysters has become a superstition, and like many other superstitions has a good deal to be said for it, but need not be allowed to govern our conduct on all occasions. The wine list at Verrey's, though not so voluminous as those at some other restaurants, affords a tolerably wide choice and contains some items of more than ordinary interest; we observe, however, that almost all wines of any pretension approximate in price to the specially distinguished vintages, and this must be regretted, for, whether Verrey's gets his custom or not, there is a type of gourmet who, without seeking out the rarest

vintages at proportionate prices, likes to drink wines of character and is glad to pay somewhat more than the price of merely potable beverages for them. However, times have been against all who stock cellars, and since at the two extremes Verrey's can give satisfaction we will not press the criticism.

Our bill was:

	£	s.	d.
Two dinners	1	19	6
Wine	0	16	0
Coffee	0	1	6
	£2	17	0

We have already cited M. Max on the tendency of diners to order food instead of a composed dinner. The only remedy is to encourage a reasonable pride in ability to frame a menu. To be incapable of doing so is to confess that one is not a completely equipped man of the world and also to lose a great part of the pleasure of dispensing hospitality. All other considerations apart, where is the enjoyment in leaving what one's guests will consume to the judgment of a maitre d'hotel who does not know them, or to the impulse of the moment? A scheme worked out in advance, and modified if necessary by the advice of a maitre d'hotel or chef who is frank about the resources of the house, adds immensely to the pleasure of the host and, if idiosyncrasies have been borne in mind, makes hospitality, in its nice adaptation to individual tastes, a delicate compliment to the guests. May we ask readers of these articles to assist in the revival of gastronomy in London by frowning on the idea that mere readiness to pay for a restaurant dinner is qualification enough for the title of host?

THE SERVICE AT TENNIS

EIGHTEEN years ago, on the occasion of the match for the tennis championship between Peter Latham and "Punch" Fairs, the SATURDAY REVIEW published an article with the above heading. The writer rejoiced to see very little use made of the "railroad" service, known as Pettitt's invention of 1898. "It is an ugly un-tennislike delivery with nothing but its novelty to recommend it. 'Punch,' with his fine mastery of side-wall and drop services, Peter with his useful side-walls, good 'giraffes' and rare but quite admirable underhand twists, have no need for irregular openings of any kind."

How the writer would have rubbed his eyes if he had been in the dedans at Princes' Club last week, during the match for the world's championship. Kinsella, the American challenger, used this "ugly, un-tennislike" service unvaryingly throughout. Covey, the English champion, used it for the greater part, reverting occasionally to a side-wall service modelled upon Latham's and delivered with great cut or "stuff" from the left-hand corner of the court. "This service," said the writer in the SATURDAY, "is not much to look at from the dedans, but its beauties are not lost upon the striker-out." These were the only two services used, except for five or six odd occasions upon which Covey went back to the side-wall service delivered in the orthodox manner. With this he was invariably successful. Yet each time he abandoned it after a single delivery, and went back to the overhand American railroad service. Of the old-fashioned underhand twist, the beautiful "giraffe," and the drop, we saw nothing at all.

The service at tennis determines, of course, the lines upon which the game shall be played. The essence of tennis, before the introduction of the "American" service, was the fore-hand stroke, which, as a writer in the *Times* admirably puts it, "takes in almost every muscle from the neck to the right heel." This stroke is the first of three which R. H. Lyttelton in the Badminton book on cricket, declared to be achievements entitling a man to chant a minor 'Nunc Dimittis.' (The other two were the two hundred yard drive at golf, equivalent to three hundred yards with

the modern ball, and the crack to square-leg off a half-volley just outside the legs). The tennis-stroke proper contains as much of beauty as ball-games permit. The laying of a chase by J. M. Heathcote and the late-cutting of Lionel Palairet were held up in the day of these players as the acme of aesthetic charm. They have their parallel in our time in the floor game of E. M. Baerlein and the play of Hobbs all round the wicket. The old-fashioned services were four in kind. There was the side-wall service delivered with so much bottom and side-cut that the ball would come from high up on the side wall sharp down to the pent-house, thence with considerable speed to the foot of the end wall. The drop service was delivered from about the same place as the side-wall service, that is chase three or four and about a yard from the main wall. It was tossed high up into the air, so as to fall about a foot from the edge of the pent-house, close to the end battery wall. "Its drop there should seem to kill it and its subsequent weary rise and fall into the corner of the service court should be its expiring breath." It should fall, say the books, like a poached egg—lifeless. The other two services were delivered from the left-hand corner of the court about chase one and two and about a yard from the battery wall. "Pettitt," said the writer in the SATURDAY, "stood almost facing this wall, and with right shoulder dropped would serve the ball with strong swinging underhand cut—the head of his racket ending high on his left and possibly hitting the battery wall—while the ball would fly along the edge of the pent-house, never more than about two feet from the absolute edge, descend rapidly near the nick and thence spring along the face of the side battery wall with such strong curl as sometimes to worm itself into the winning gallery." In his great matches Pettitt made little use of any other service. The "giraffe," much used by both Saunders and Mr. Lyttelton, was delivered in almost the same way, only high up in the air. It would fall on the edge of the pent-house about two feet from the end battery wall, in almost the same place as the drop service, but then took on a certain liveliness, manifested in a dart to the nick at the extreme limit of the service court. The object of the side-wall and drop services was length pure and simple; the aim of the underhand twist and the giraffe to score a nick, or force the striker-out to attempt his chase at the volley. The orthodox lines of this beautiful game were the laying and prevention of chases, with the winning openings utilized at a convenient moment for the ending of a rest.

The Americans were quick to see that if the nick was to be attempted at all, it should be done quickly. The overhead form of the twist service was much faster, and was brought to as near perfection as possible by Mr. Jay Gould, Junr. There was a good deal of discussion at one time as to its fairness, but even this poison, it was thought, must find its own antidote. When Mr. Joshua Crane came over to challenge Mr. Baerlein, he found that astute player perfectly ready to volley his fastest deliveries. It appeared, then, that a way had been found to deal with this form of attack. And now the Americans modified it, aiming no longer at a nick, but to bring the ball back quickly under the winning gallery. To this again a competent reply has been evolved, but it is one which has changed the whole character of the game. The ball must now be boasted against the wall below the winning gallery, thence to the main wall, with the dedans or no matter how poor a chase as objective. To gain the service side is everything. In the recent match all the rests began with pandemonium, the server delivering at top-speed and the striker-out opening his shoulders like a cricketer going out to drive. Then, almost as by an after-thought, the players would sober down to the classic business of the chase. It is a never-ending pity that this beautifully mannered game should be at the mercy of the modern hustler.

Kinsella does not possess the tennis stroke. It is indeed difficult to see how a player who for ten months

in the year devotes himself to American squash rackets can cultivate the stroke proper. On the other hand his stopping of both the direct and boasted forces for the dedans, his cut volley to below the grille, and his back-hand volley from the foot of the tambour into the dedans are probably without parallel. Covey beat him on the floor, and it is on the floor that championships are won. Expedience as well as elegance would therefore suggest a return to the older forms of service. There was much speculation in the dedans as to the relative merits of Covey, who is re-affirmed in his championship, and Peter Latham. This is a question which can never be settled. There is a story of Barre, who, when well over seventy and watching Lambert from the dedans of the old Haymarket court, overheard a remark of a spectator claiming superiority for Lambert. "Il a raison," said the old Frenchman. "Je ne puis rien prouver maintenant." Latham is in the prime of life and his game is still that of a great master, but the business of championship is too strenuous for him now. To elect him as an honorary member of Queen's Club, of which he has been the professional for so many years, was a graceful gesture.

A PRESENT-DAY VIEW OF CLAUDE LORRAIN

BY TANCRED BORENIUS

THERE was a time—in the eighteenth century and during a considerable part of the nineteenth—when the prestige of Claude Lorrain in England knew no bounds: when engravings after his pictures, and aquatint facsimiles of his drawings were produced in great numbers and found eager purchasers, and when the acquisition for an English collection of the 'Altieri Claudes' was chronicled as an event of outstanding importance. Subsequently, a reaction set in: a number of particularly puerile onslaughts on Claude in Ruskin's 'Modern Painters' may have had something to do with it, and the wide acceptance of the Impressionist dogma caused people to turn their backs on the delicate, golden and silvery canvases of Claude, in which the problem of light is apprehended in so different a fashion from that which is Monet's and Pissarro's. On the Continent—where the admiration for Claude had never, perhaps, risen to the heights which it attained in England—one may say that the end of the nineteenth century was marked by a considerable coolness towards the art of Claude.

Finality in such matters, however, there never is; and slowly but surely the day of Claude is returning. One event which was bound to be fruitful of a new era of fame for Claude was the transference to the Louvre, shortly before the war, of the whole of Mr. Heseltine's marvellous collection of Claude drawings, which contained the cream of the older English collections of Claude drawings, to the extent that they had not already been absorbed by the incomparable collection at the British Museum: and a most serious lacuna was thus filled in the French National Collection, which till then had contained but a very scanty and unrepresentative series of drawings by Claude. And now there lies before me a very attractively got-up volume, published in Germany a few months ago, in which the whole of Claude's artistic production—paintings, etchings and drawings—has been made the subject of a very serious and exhaustive enquiry.*

The re-awakened interest in the problems of design, which lately has brought the art of Nicolas Poussin to such great prominence, is no doubt responsible for much of the attention which is now again concentrating on Claude. Though there is much that is kindred in these two great figures of the French school of the seventeenth century, yet the delicate, lyrical fibre of Claude marks in him a very definite contrast to the strength and virility of Poussin: and one of the principal devices by which Claude in his paintings

succeeds in expressing a mood of ecstasy all his own, is of course his treatment of light. With the Impressionists, the rendering of effects of light meant to reproduce on the canvas, as nearly as might be, all the innumerable particles of varying colour, which strike the retina in nature. Claude, on the other hand, does not aim at this registering of all the facts. What he does is, rather, to decide upon a scheme of tonality for each composition: and within this, the modulations of tone are carried out with a delicacy and subtlety which are to the beholder an inexhaustible source of amazed enjoyment. When John Constable—to whom, be it noted, Claude was "the most perfect landscape painter the world ever saw"—said of the 'Embarkation of St. Ursula,' in the National Gallery, with a typical painter's phrase, that it "is probably the finest picture of *middle tint* in the world," he was laying stress on this very gift of modulation which was peculiarly Claude's. Thin glazings, which came last of all in the process of painting the picture, were the means by which these delicate gradations of tone were obtained: and that is why the methods of drastic picture-cleaners—who, not content with removing the old varnish, have destroyed the top glazes as well—have proved particularly fatal to many a fine Claude.

From authentic contemporary accounts we know what a source of quiet but intensely felt delight the contemplation of certain facts and phenomena of nature was to Claude: we hear of his early-morning expeditions to the Campagna in order to watch the dawn, or his lying for hours on the ground, taking in the shape of beautiful trees. The wealth of subtle observation which in authentic Claude pictures is shown by the drawing of the trees, is fully in keeping with these accounts: and a visual delight, most keenly felt by Claude, and by him on frequent occasions communicated to us, is also that of ships with their delicate network of masts and yards standing silhouetted against a sunset sky.

I have so far confined my comments to the oil-paintings by Claude; but a province of his work, in some ways of even greater interest than his pictures, is that formed by his drawings. A great many drawings by Claude had found their way to England already at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the influence which they exercised on the formation of the English landscape school and on the early English water-colour painters, must be held to have been very considerable. To this day there is no country as rich as England in Claude drawings, in spite of losses such as that of the Heseltine collection referred to above. The British Museum comes easily first with its collection of about three hundred drawings, the great majority of which were acquired *en bloc* by Payne Knight at the beginning of the last century, bearing Sir Thomas Lawrence in a neck-to-neck race for their possession: this collection had been brought to England from Spain, so for the development of English eighteenth-century art its importance is somewhat comparable to that which the Greek papyri, unknown to the Middle Ages and now being discovered in Egypt, have for the growth of European civilization. To turn over these drawings for the first time is an absolute revelation to one whose main impression of Claude has been formed on his oil paintings. In the latter, Claude invariably aims at a great regularity of design, resorting to a few selected motives of composition: and indeed there is no lack among his drawings either of productions which conform with the type of design which we know from his oil pictures, and the easy gracefulness and delicate charm of which are incontestable. But the most unexpected as well as the strongest impression is that produced by his direct studies and transcripts from nature, in which we find a breadth and simplicity of treatment in striking contrast with the carefulness and deliberation of treatment in his oil pictures: while in design he adopts a great freedom of rhythm and shows an inexhaustible fertility of ideas of composition. What could be more different, for instance,

* Walter Friedländer: *Claud Lorrain* (Berlin: Cassirer).

from Claude's usual idealized harbour scenes with sumptuous pseudo-classical buildings and classical figures than such a superb sheet at the British Museum as his direct and straightforward study of Ripa Grande, the harbour of Rome, with its decayed and weather-stained buildings and ragged lazzaroni. In the drawing of which I am now speaking—a comparatively early one—Claude still uses pen and brush; later, he employs the brush only, and we then get drawings of such extreme boldness of treatment as one of a scene from the coast on the Campagna—a lonely watch tower at the entrance to a shallow little harbour with fishermen's boats. In the romantic feeling, the planning of the design and the breadth of handling, which admirably suggests a misty effect of atmosphere, this drawing anticipates the art of Francesco Guardi, who found similar motives for his brush among the deserted lagoons round Venice. Again, in another drawing of some large ruined building in the Campagna on the outskirts of a wood, the extremely simple and unconventional design, the intimate feeling and the richness of tone make one think of another artist—Rembrandt. And Claude becomes almost undistinguishable from any of the most advanced Impressionists of our own times in a marvellous view of the Tiber above Rome, in which the contrast between the calm and brilliant surface of the river and the deep gloom of the banks is brought out by methods of such extraordinary directness and audacity. The varied parallels, which the drawings by Claude suggest, are in themselves an indication of the wide range of his art as seen in them; and anyone who has had a first-hand experience of them, however brief, will feel it is no overstatement to say that among all the great master-draughtsmen of the world, there is nobody—not Rembrandt, not Michelangelo—whose hold on one's emotions is more complete and lasting than that of Claude.

UNHAPPY HAMPSTEAD

By JAMES AGATE

"IF this is Norway, give me Highgate," protested a critic made unhappy by the latest revival at the Everyman Theatre.

'Hedda Gabler' is a tremendous play in any but the strict sense of the word. It contains nothing of awe or terror, nothing to make us fearful lest our own *exaltées* should take to pistol-practice in the garden. Yet what a vogue was Hedda's in that heyday of long ago! Her lure was largely that of the incomprehensible. Who could read her? "*Kennen Sie Ibsen?*" "*Nein, wie macht man das?*" was a passing joke. But "How should Hedda be played?" persisted. Mr. Archer declared her to be the victim of hyperæsthesia; Mr. Beerbohm plumped for a woman under-sexed and under-vitalized. Mr. Shaw made some violently sensible, unforgettable pronouncement, which I have forgotten; Mr. Grant Allen pretended that he was sent in to dinner with her every evening. All of which made one envious of that moral courage which could insist that the king in the fairy-story was without clothes. These clever persons seemed to me to be labelling something which was not there. Hedda, as she existed in real life before Ibsen's flaming genius transfigured her, was an earlier sister of the wood-carving young woman in 'Kipps.' She was lymphatic, and a nuisance to any normally constituted society. But she was not dangerous, as was the Hedda of the play.

Some women do some of the things which Ibsen's heroine does, but no woman perpetrates them all. Let me admit that Hedda was bored, oh exquisitely bored, with Tesman, his slippers, his aunts, his aunts' illnesses and dyings and bonnets and midwifely pleasantries, Tesman's researches into the domestic industries of Brabant, his lack of talent, his spinelessness. Let me take into account the atmosphere of yesterday's

cold mutton which pervades these provincials at heart, the insufferable tedium of even the capital in a country of stoves and goloshes. Let me remember that Hedda was "ninety-ish" in a society which saw not the modish possibilities. All this explains why she should marry—Tesman, in the worst event—philander with Brack, and ache to have a finger in the Lövborg pie. Fastidious yet curious, repelled yet attracted by life, she was the descendant of the patrician who, aloof from the arena, was sufficiently interested to turn down her thumb. Hedda has been called "mesquine." It is just that pinchbeck quality which leads her to steal Lövborg from Mrs. Elvsted, to provoke his befuddlement and to destroy his masterpiece. But that she would have put the pistol into his hand or used its fellow against herself I do not believe, nor will all the courtier-like worshippers of Ibsen make me believe. "The poor king is mad," the child in the fairy-story might have cried. Hedda Gabler must have been mad to do as her creator pretends. Let me modify my first statement as to the play's quality of apprehension. It makes us fearful for the abnormal. There is no more subtle test for genius than this of common-sense. There is no symbolism in 'Hedda Gabler' upon which we can ride off into the clouds. When Hilda Wangel claps her hands at Solness's fall and acclaim it as a magnificent achievement, we know that she is speaking a language to which common-sense holds no key. But there is nothing undecipherable about the present play. Put to the touchstone of rationality, it leaves a doubtful streak. Hedda, conceivably, would have urged Lövborg to the precipice; she gives no sign of the courage needful for that ultimate push. Nor yet for her own desperate leap. Brack's "People don't do such things" is Ibsen's effort to prevent criticism, just as a playwright will sometimes strive to get behind verisimilitude by putting into the mouth of a character some such phrase as "If we were people in a play . . ."

These are cold-blooded reflections. In the theatre the play burns too fiercely; the fire is in our ears. The mis-casting of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is the play's salvation. Consider Ibsen's stage-directions and then look upon the actress's physical qualifications. Hedda's hair is of a "medium brown, not particularly abundant." Mrs. Campbell wears her black mane as it were a thunder-cloud. Hedda's eyes are "steel-grey, expressive of cold, unruffled repose." Mrs. Campbell's are twin-craters, presaging disaster. One actress, and one only, could be less Hedda, and that's Sarah. Duse got out of the necessity for interpretation by playing the part as though she were half-asleep, "a somnolent guardian-angel" someone called her. Mrs. Campbell's Hedda in the first act is curiously becalmed, her dead-white face the sail riding the sullen sea of existence and awaiting the gathering storm. A wave of petty provocation strikes her and she shivers as a boat will shiver. With what tragic beauty is this vessel freighted! Ever, to change the metaphor, more the antique Roman than the Norsewoman of the cold gaze and impoverished chignon, Mrs. Campbell filled the eye which Ibsen left empty. She gave us the old haunting quest for beauty, the imperious line, the importunate sweep of the throat. Once more we heard the liquid utterance, fluent yet staccato, the old, exquisite phrasing. With what cruel delight did she torture her commonplace, successful rival, silly Mrs. Elvsted! What an abyss of egoism she opened beneath our feet when, to the fretting Tesman hastening to Aunt Rina's death-bed, she threw that mocking "Oh, if you run—!" But this was the small change of the part. Beneath that unbridled insolence starvation of spirit was conveyed; and you were persuaded to deny your eyes and withhold suspicion that so magnificent a creature never could have starved. "There is a world elsewhere," she would long ago have cried, and turned her back on Christiania. This was more Stella Gabler than Hedda; but it was the raised power of a meaner character which authenticated those humbugging final fireworks.

This Hedda was, in fact, too dazzling. She trailed the atmosphere of

réclame and recall.

Paris and St. Petersburg, Vienna and St. James's Hall.

Of triumphant passage through the foyers of some Grand Babylon Hotel. With her hand on extravagant hip, her mannered pose, her geranium-coloured shawl, she recalled the canvases of Goya. One harked back to Olga Nethersole's Carmen. Once, too, there came into mind the recollection of a Beardsley drawing which I afterwards identified as 'The Wagnerites.' Was ever Ibsen in this humour wood? Was ever Ibsen better won? I must think not. Throughout the whole of the last scene the actress was superb. She delivered her challenge to life as she were resolved into stone. The throat had lost its line of luxury, was marble now.

It is a pity that this great performance should be hedged in by a twittering imbecility imposed on the other characters. Tesman is made too obviously absurd. "I don't see anything absolutely ridiculous about him? Do you?" says Hedda. And Brack replies, "Ridiculous? N—no—I shouldn't exactly say so—." Whereas, at Hampstead, he would have replied "Ridiculous? Of course he's ridiculous!" It should be remembered that he is a fussy little professor of some attainment. Mr. Thesiger has hit off the type in another play. Fire cannot mate with water, and this Hedda would have disdained the little puddle of a man. Mrs. Elvsted, too, was just a schoolgirl, and Aunt Juliana came straight from "Cranford." There is in this character that antiquated, virginal nobility which Miss Henrietta Watson portrays so well. German actors realize that when Eilert Lövborg makes his great third-act entry, he has been riotously drunk three hours before, has been in a scrimmage, and in the hands of the police. They play him with a cut on the cheek. Hedda perceives, not vine-leaves, but the aftermath of a brawl. Mr. Charles Quartermaine was uproariously sober. Again, he looked too much like a painter. Forecasts of the progress of civilization do not inevitably demand a velvet jacket. I expected him to produce a palette from somewhere, and troll something greasy from Puccini. Mr. Athole Stewart's Judge Brack was admirable until the very end, when he did not put quite enough menace into the crack of the whip. In the old days actors and actresses would pit their strength against each other. Why does not Miss Thorndike play Hedda with her nerves, as Mrs. Campbell does with her temperament? Mr. Leslie Banks would make an excellent Lövborg, and Brack is written for Mr. Bealby. Miss Seyler's Mrs. Elvsted, too, would be interesting. And I have already cast Tesman and Aunt Juliana.

However, the evening at Hampstead was an extraordinarily happy one.

NATURE AND COUNTRY LIFE

By A WOODMAN

These sketches, which are appearing serially in the SATURDAY REVIEW, are the work of a farm and forest labourer whose opportunities for gaining knowledge since he left school at the age of eight have been limited to the world of fields and woods. From his own rough notes and with the aid of his wife, who, fortunately, is an excellent penwoman, the fair copy was made by him in his scanty leisure; and with the exception of the very slightest editorial touches from the friend to whom he first showed them they remain as he wrote them.

XIII. A MIDSUMMER'S MEDITATION

TO the rambler through the wilds of Nature, the advent of the seasons is marked in many ways, but none more so than by the different colours that prevail as these seasons advance. Just as Spring is known by its dress of emerald green, so is Summer by its dress of white, which is the symbol of purity, mingled, of course, with bright red, blue and yellow. Look where you will on the hedges or in the woods, and by water-courses, there white is predominant. In

the rich meadows of early summer, still uncut, the golden buttercups have given place to giant ox-eyed daisies, and where the cornfields wave in the summer winds the wild white and pale ruddy convolvulus climbs. The white bloom, too, shows on the ears of wheat, a sure promise of harvest at no distant time, for, as the country saying is, "six weeks from the bloom to the sickle." On the hedges, flowers of the bramble, honeysuckle and wild rose bloom, where but a short time ago the flowers of the hawthorn and wild crab held sway, and fill the air with such fragrance that even the casual observer cannot fail to notice. In the ditches, and by the streams, the feathery bloom of the meadow-sweet blend with tall docks and nettles.

As we ramble through the woodlands the small and giant cow-parsley are noticed where, in early spring, primroses and wild hyacinths grew. The song of the birds is soon missed by those who walk in these places. True, a few still sing, but there is not that full chorus we heard from every bush and tree when the notes of the cuckoo were most pronounced. The loud chirruping of young birds has taken the place of those songsters. The sun shines down at times with almost tropical intensity, but is tempered by the breezes which come from the South Downs. A blue haze hangs over the valley, and the only sounds are children's laughter and the creaking wagons as they move forward loaded with hay. Seldom, if ever again, will those meadows resound with the music of the mowers, sharpening their scythes, as they did in my boyhood days. Then it was a common sight to see a dozen strong men, with arms and faces tanned to a rich mahogany hue from exposure, mowing the meadows. To those who love Nature and the creatures of the wild, the grassy meadows are always beautiful, but in the summer we seem to enjoy them better, and they seem somehow to take us back to childhood's day.

During one of my solitary rambles at this season of the year a small butterfly fell at my feet, and the azure tint of its delicate wings seemed to me to correspond to the blue sky above. Summer might well be called the Insect High Festival time; for the joyous hum of these creatures reaches us from every side. Over the water the dragon-fly flits with erratic flight; and anon the red, black-spotted ladybird settles on your coat at nearly every step; and a yellow-banded bumble-bee scarcely evades you in its flight. Place your hand in the grass, and various insects begin to crawl on it, some so minute as to be scarcely distinguishable to the naked eye.

The wind comes with a "sish" through the vents, and nearly shakes off several ants that are climbing up them. On the rails round a pond in which a herd of cattle are standing knee-deep in the cool water and flickering the flies off with their long tails, two swallows are sitting. How softly and sweetly they chatter their little melody and take but little heed of the cattle on the pond edge, but seem, like myself, in meditative mood.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

"PSYCHIC SCIENCE"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Permit me to join Sir Bryan Donkin in his protest against the inclusion of Sir Oliver Lodge's article entitled 'Psychic Science' in the educational serial addressed to general readers as 'The Outline of Science.' Sir Oliver is, of course, not to be blamed for setting forth in appropriate publications the suppositions

which he and others entertain as to "discarnate intelligence," ghosts, spirits and fairies. But it appears to me that (to use a phrase employed by him in the *Times* of May 22) he is open to the charge of having "little idea of the loyalty to truth essential in any man of science" when he describes telepathy as a *discovery* and one "established by most carefully conducted enquiry." The evidence brought forward in its favour and that cited in favour of the various marvels of "spiritualism" have failed to render it probable (in the opinion either of men accustomed to weigh evidence or of men specially trained to deal with the facts of psychology)—that the stories told as to telepathy and spiritualism are due to the communication of mind with mind by means other than those afforded by the recognized organs of the senses. It is disloyal to truth to use a work like the 'Outline of Science' for the purpose of leading an uninstructed public to accept as "science" what the writer knows to be mere speculation, devoid of demonstration and rejected, not as *impossible* but as highly *improbable*, by the vast majority of those who occupy themselves with science. There are few who would not agree that it is more probable that (a) illusion, (b) fraud, and (c) coincidence are the explanation of the statements of their experiences made by believers in telepathy and spiritualism than that the "super-normal" agencies, invoked by them, are at work.

I am personally concerned in this matter since I have contributed an article to the 'Outlines of Science' on "Bacteria—the agents of putrefaction and disease." I am not surprised that the publishers should avail themselves of the popular love of the "occult" and present discredited stories of telepathy and "incarnations" as "outlines of science." They have shown elsewhere their appreciation of the commercial value of such stuff. But when I undertook to write for the 'Outlines' I relied on the loyalty to science of the editor, Professor Arthur Thomson. It would be a satisfaction to know that he, at any rate, did not willingly arrange for the intrusion into this book of Sir Oliver's misleading fancies.

I am, etc.,

E. RAY LANKESTER

44 Oakley Street, S.W.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Some years ago a statement was published "in another place,"* giving reasons for identifying the "lovely boy" of the sonnets with Prince Henry, eldest son of James I.

If your correspondent were to accept that identification, he might find the difficulties of Sonnet xx. less troublesome, and the poem, to which an unpleasant meaning has sometimes been attached, little more than a playful reference to family history turned to the purposes of adulation.

It is a curious fact in the prince's life that he was at first reported by the midwife, and for some time generally believed, to be a girl, a fact that lends almost a colour of truth to line 9 of the sonnet.

As to line 7, Robert Hews was one of the foremost men of learning in the prince's day, an adherent of the great but unfortunate character who, in the statement referred to, was indicated on internal evidence as the author of the sonnets.

A man in hew all Hews in his controwling appears, then, to be a tribute to the mental attainments of the "lovely boy," as is, without the pun, line 5 of Sonnet lxxxii,

Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew.

For a dealer in "true plaine words," the flattery of this and many another of the sonnets may seem gross enough to satisfy even the keen appetite of the only Stuart who ever showed any promise of becoming a

decent English king. This failing of the "lovely boy" Shakespeare rather rudely rebukes in the couplet of Sonnet lxxxiv.:

You to your beauteous blessings adde a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse,
as did the "character," a little more politely, when he wrote in a letter to the prince:

Your youth, and the thirst of praise that I have observed in you, may possibly mislead you to hearken to these charmers, who would conduct your noble nature into tyranny.

I am, etc.,

ROBERT PALK.

New Oxford and Cambridge Club, Piccadilly.

MONEY AND CREDIT

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your reviewer of my book on 'Money and Credit' finds himself "reluctantly obliged to put a duck's egg against my name just on the subject on which I believe myself to have scored a century; and this, he says, is "as might be expected." A reviewer is, of course, fully entitled to emphasize his opinion that the author has failed to make good the central thesis of his book; but if his flourish is to be taken seriously, it must be understood that, in his view, this is just where authors habitually fail. But he is quite right that the point upon which he thinks I have failed to score is really and truly the main thesis of my book. Bearing in mind the exigencies of space, his quotations are, on the whole, fairly chosen. Yet, in his comments on my use of the term "surplus wealth," there is unmistakable evidence that he has either not read my careful analysis of the subject, or that, by the time he had finished reading the book, he had forgotten all about it.

Allow me, Sir, to repeat the quotations given by your reviewer:

To escape fluctuations in price levels, and to positively ensure that the currency will function without hitch, it is only necessary that each currency unit shall be a True Credit—a "Certificate of Delivery"—a just demand to the return of an equivalent for what has been given up to be consumed by others. Banking and financing must consist solely in the transference of true credits—claims on surplus wealth actually in being—not in the creation of fictitious credits. It will be understood, I take it, that this is a summarized conclusion—a focus, as it were—following carefully reasoned arguments. Then come his comments on my use of the term "surplus wealth." But what does "surplus" wealth mean? If it means goods that cannot be bought at current prices, is the banker always to make sure that the borrower is to spend the money on goods that are falling in prices?

For the life of me I cannot form the remotest inkling of an idea of what the writer is driving at! I am making no exceptional use of the term "surplus wealth." There is "surplus wealth" in being when a producer has consumed less than the equivalent of what he has produced. When a farmer, e.g., sends to market in the course of the year 500 units of product—say quarters, or tons, of wheat—but consumes in that period no more than is obtained in exchange for 400 of his units, then he has 100 units of surplus wealth, remaining in the market to be consumed by others. But though he does not consume the equivalent of those 100 units, he receives for them certain credit instruments—claims, purchasing power: call them what you will—which he deposits with his bankers. The bankers are then in a position to transfer those credits to others, by way of loan, when the "surplus in actual being" will be used for the maintenance of other workers, who will thereby be enabled to produce other kinds of wealth, out of which the farmer will be reimbursed; and the banker will also get a share as interest, by way of remuneration for management or administration. But when bankers issue credits beyond the actual deposits held by them, they are creating fictitious credits. The matter of security is utterly beside the point. Claims on things having been created when the things are not in the market to be claimed, there is inflation; and prices rise to establish a new equilibrium.

The writer misconceives my point about a "just de-

* *Times Lit. Supp.*, April 20, 1916.

mand." I do not mean by that quantitatively accurate—that is a matter which is governed by certain laws which are too complex to be discussed incidentally—but a "just demand" in the sense of a rightful claim, due as a return for things or services rendered. The whole point is the maintenance of an equilibrium. Practically any currency will function so long as an equilibrium is maintained.

One could almost imagine that your reviewer has never heard of the formula that "money is the medium of exchange." But if it is only a medium, then behind it there must be a barter, in a more or less roundabout way. Very well. Barter is: "I give you this and take that"; and when a medium intervenes, it becomes: "I give you this to-day and will demand the return of an equivalent some other day." The credit instrument must be the mere intermediary between the "given" and the "taken." When it is not that, it is a fictitious credit.

I dare not trespass further on your space.

I am, etc.,

C. J. MELROSE

1 Mitre Court, Temple, E.C.

[Our reviewer suggests that this letter confirms his contention that, when discussing credit, Mr. Melrose is not as clear as he thinks.—ED. S.R.]

A DIET OF LONGEVITY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The original letter under this heading in your number of May 6 (M. E. Forbes) was most interesting, but too vague for the deeply interested.

Can you ask your correspondent to give in detail the diet he has adopted for seven months with successful results? And also as to the ingredients he recommends for the particular sweetmeat mentioned?

I also agree that diet will cure many evils, but anyone who contemplates a sudden change of diet must make haste slowly.

I am, etc.,

JOSE GOODMAN

3 De Burgh Crescent, West Drayton

ALCOHOLISM AND INSURANCE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Much less importance is to be attached to the reduction of insurance premiums to abstainers than Mr. Adkins supposes.

Apparently he concludes that this preferential treatment is evidence of increased longevity. It is merely the result of rate cutting initiated by abstainer societies and forced on others by competitive considerations. Whether it is statistically justified is more than doubtful, since it assumes that in every case the entrant tells the truth and that he remains an abstainer for the duration of life, of neither of which is there any evidence.

It is common knowledge that many abstainers consider port wine and many other highly alcoholized liquids as within the limits of permissible refreshment, while as for continuance in abstinence, a London contemporary notes the fact that a quite recent inquiry resulted in seventy-five per cent. of policy-holders circularized on this matter failing to give satisfactory proof even to the extent of verbal assurance, of continued abstinence; and consequently they will cease to get the advantage of the reduction.

And after all, what is a ten per cent. reduction on an insurance premium compared with freedom?

I am, etc.,

Norwich

JOSEPH M. HULLS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—May I offer the suggestion that the chief reason some insurance companies make the offer of a

slightly reduced premium to total abstainers is the outcome of competition? A very little reduction means a larger volume of business, and when the temperance societies offered the inducement in order to attract a special class of the people, other companies followed suit.

It would be interesting to know what guarantee the companies have that those who offer themselves for insurance are teetotallers either lifelong or immediately prior to application; what means the insurance companies have of ascertaining whether these members remain teetotallers; whether, under medical advice, the latter are permitted to imbibe alcoholic liquors and to what extent; whether reformed drunkards, of however long standing, are allowed to enter on the same terms as other total abstainers; and whether there are not some companies who take non-abstainers at rates even less than those offered by some temperance companies to teetotallers.

Instances can be quoted of a great many very old people, including not a few centenarians, who have been moderate consumers of alcoholic beverages all their lives.

I am, etc.,

E. A. DANBURY

Park Road, Peterborough

THE BETRAYAL OF IRISH LOYALISTS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I do not think England can realize the more than shabby and cruel way the Loyalists in Ireland have been treated by the Imperial Parliament to suit their policy of handing over Ireland to the forces of anarchy and general chaos. Over and over again they have promised to introduce a Compulsory Land Purchase scheme to complete their former Land Purchase Acts in Ireland. This measure was promised for last Easter year, but, though urgently desired by both owners and tenants alike, it still hangs fire. It is universally demanded in Ireland by all classes. The land question is and always has been the cause of all the trouble in that country, the religious question taking only a very secondary part. Some few months ago, I believe the Land-Owners' Convention in Dublin were asked by the Imperial Parliament to draw up a scheme which they believed would be acceptable to owner and tenant alike. They did so, and it was given out that the coming Land Purchase Scheme would be based on that scheme, which, it is generally admitted, is fair and just to both sides. But still it hangs fire.

Meanwhile the tenants all over the south and west of Ireland are refusing to pay any rents at all until some scheme of land purchase is produced. This places the unfortunate landowners in a terrible position. In the case of the larger owners—although they are not getting a penny of their rents—they are being called upon by the Inland Revenue to pay income tax and super-tax on the same basis as when these rents were being paid. Further, the overwhelming death duties, on change of ownership, are being demanded, and other charges on estates as well—just as if the owners were in full receipt of their rents. What are these unfortunate people to do under the circumstances?

The former Land Purchase Acts only applied to about two-thirds, if that, of Irish land. Tenants in many cases would not buy, feeling they were better off under the landlord. In other cases landowners, though most anxious to sell, were unable to do so because the Imperial funds ran short, and the wheels of the Land Purchase Scheme ceased to run for want of money to buy out the tenants.

Now, at the present time, there is a universal demand in Ireland that the Land Acts shall be completed at the earliest possible date. And I do not hesitate to affirm that the immediate introduction of the promised Bill

to complete the former Acts will do more than anything else to settle the country down once more to a regime of law and order, so much desired by all classes alike in Ireland.

I am, etc.,
DUDLEY S. A. COSBY.

Stradbally Hall, Queen's County.

LACE FRAUDS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Several women are travelling London and the country selling ordinary machine-made lace, which they describe to customers as the genuine hand-made production of the old Bucks Cottagers.

These impostors have in eight separate instances collected parcels of lace belonging to this industry from customers to whom they represented themselves as our agents.

I have placed the matter in the hands of the police, but up to the present these fraudulent persons are still at large.

I am, etc.,
H. H. ARMSTRONG,
Secretary,

The Bucks Cottage Workers' Industry
Olney, Bucks

A Woman's Causerie

AFTER A JOURNEY

IT is worth while to live away from England, and to struggle with inefficient if charming foreign servants merely to have the delight, now and then, of landing at Dover. One of the stories I tell to the children ends like this: "And then she stepped off the wet, rolling ship and ran over wet, slippery pavements till she came to a Pullman car. There everything was clean and rosy and warm. She sat down on an arm-chair by a little table—all by herself—and there was a light with a pink shade on the table . . . and tea and hot buttered toast, and when the train started it did not spill the tea but it went smoothly, smoothly, till at last it ran on to a bridge where many lights shone up from the river, all over the town, and down from the sky; and then . . . well, then there was London."

"What did she see then?" "She saw people with nice pink faces. Abroad, in the cold, people look white or blue." "And then, Mummy?" "Well, then she walked into a large shop, as big as a town, and for hours and hours she moved about looking at the merchandise that is brought from all over the world into that place, until they told her it was time to go as the hundred doors and the hundred windows were all to be closed. But when for a moment no one was looking, she slipped into a doll's house taking with her a real English bun, and after the door of the doll's house was shut she was never seen again."

"Don't end the story there. She must come out, I want to hear more about London." "It was a new day when she came out again and there was a dull-gold fog. She crept through the silent streets on her way to the road where by flare-lights men, who looked as if they were bathed in flame, were guiding the slow moving traffic. At one moment when she could not see even the railing to which she was clinging she got into a panic and rushed up to the door of the nearest house." "Did she ring the bell?" "No, because the door was ajar and she walked through it and opened another door—a glass one—and found herself in a gaily lighted house." "Were there pirates there?" "No, only pretty people walking about showing dresses—delicate, fresh and lovely—both the dresses and the people. And there were more people, less pretty, sitting about buying clothes. The walls were a deep cream, the furniture of red lacquer; and

there was, too, a Coromandel screen with pictures on it of Chinese ladies picking lotus flowers. They seemed no less real than the girls who moved about on the light-coloured thick carpet."

"I wish she had seen pirates instead, or dear little dwarfs, or giants like those that lived long ago." "She might have seen those too, there is everything to be found in London. . . . As soon as the fog lifted she went out once more and walked down a street all shops; jewel shops, hat shops, picture shops, every kind of shop, but she passed them all until she came to one that might have been a large toy next to the doll's house where she had hidden. Here there were fishes of all kinds neatly arranged on either side, and sprawling about on the ceiling were gold-fish, crabs and lobsters. It was all new to her, and gazing about her, she walked into the shop. A man came forward; he waited for her to speak. 'I don't want to buy anything. I came in because your fishes look so pretty.' He was pleased and showed her the tubes for ice water that ran under the white trays on which the fishes lay and then he gave her a photograph of it all. So she went away with a picture of sad little grey fishes without their beautiful colour, and nearly took the next boat to Naples to go to the Aquarium there and see the most wonderful fishes in the world, alive and moving about in water, dark as the water of the sea where it is beginning to forget the sunshine."

"Why didn't she go? I would have."

"Because there was still a great deal to do, a great deal to see—too much to see because there is always the danger of becoming a creature all eyes and no feelings; there is no time to be yourself, you are always lost in the passing person, in the nearest thing."

"Mummy, I don't understand a word you are saying."

"Well, then, the story is really at an end and we must start another."

You must, perhaps, live far from all this to keep it as fairy treasure. To you it seems strange to be pleased with shaded lamps, clean trains, the mystery of enormous shops. For you all lamps are shaded, all trains clean, and most shops large. If you travel you do not sit in an inch of dust, nor if you are obliged to dine at a restaurant are you blinded by the glare; when you buy you have the work of the world before you. Yet I should not be surprised if you missed the true delight of civilization, and that is being able to live without it, and yet to understand and appreciate it when it surrounds you.

Yoi

Verse

ASCENSION

HE has dug his ground
And gathered the weeds together,
Piled the roots in a mound,
Cleaned blade and leather,
Lit his pipe, kindled
The waste—and gone.
The blue sky has dwindled,
Shrinking after the sun.
The birdsong, dying, dying,
Falters from day into night,
And the homing wings are flying
To woods whose noonday height
Is changed by the western light.
The mighty trees ascend;
Scents float from the soil;
Tired labourers unbend
And go up from their toil.
Distant, sleep-born cries,
Night-signals, rise,
The moon rides up from the hill,
Floods forest and mound,
And falls on that smoke-thread, still
As a lonely spear in the ground.

RICHARD CHURCH

Reviews

THE TURNINGS OF A WORM

The Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany.
Thornton Butterworth. 21s. net.

THE ex-Crown Prince of Germany presents himself in this book as a cruelly misrepresented and misunderstood man. Its sole purpose, so far as we can find purpose in it, is to rehabilitate his character in the eyes of the world, and to persuade the people of Germany in particular that if and when they desire a monarch again they need not look further than to Weiringen for one who, although a Hohenzollern, is essentially modern, liberal, enlightened, sagacious, pacific, patriotic, humane, and, in fact, a far more eligible sovereign in every way than his poor old father ever was or could have been. Any man who desires to say what there is to be said for himself is entitled to a patient hearing, and when he is one to whom destiny, after holding out the most splendid prospects, has dealt a knock-down blow, he may be sure that pity, and even some degree of sympathy, will temper the judgment that follows his appeal.

The devil himself, so it is said, is not as black as he is painted, and we can well believe that much of the almost universal dislike and contempt inspired by the Crown Prince during the war were due to the accident of his birth and to his unprepossessing face rather than to any unparalleled depravity or degeneracy in his nature and disposition. But this is about as far as, after reading his book, one is prepared to go. His own account of himself, considered quite apart from anything that one may have learned about him from other sources, does not impress one favourably. His attitude towards his father, whom he criticizes with a freedom, a detachment, and an assumption of superior wisdom that are really insufferable, is just what might have been expected from the son who, summoned to Spa to help and stand by him in his hour of direst need, thoughtlessly and callously departed, leaving him alone in the hands of men who were determined by fair means or foul to extort his abdication and to deport him to Holland. The somewhat fulsome admiration which he expresses for King Edward VII will be taken with a grain of salt, but there is probably a good deal of truth in the following account of the King's effect on the Kaiser:

Among others my father has never viewed King Edward without all sorts of prejudices, and has consequently never formed a just estimate of him. That trait, which was so often observed in the Kaiser, of readily attributing his positive failures to the activities of individuals, and of regarding them as the result of machinations directed against him personally, may have played some part. But there was doubtless always, as a matter of fact, what I may call a latent and mutual disapproval present in the minds of these two men, notwithstanding all their outward cordiality. The Kaiser may have felt that his somewhat loud and theatrical, rather than genuine, manner often struck idly upon the ear of King Edward with his experience of the world and his sense of realities, that it encountered scepticism, was perhaps even sometimes received with ironic silence, that it met with a sort of quiet obstruction too smoothly polished to present any point of attack, yet easily tempting the Kaiser to exaggerate his manner.

The ex-Crown Prince is not content to claim for himself the more robust virtues such as plucky horsemanship, bluff sincerity, impatience of empty ceremonial, love of sport, and simple patriotism. He is constantly telling us of the ardour with which he threw himself into his military studies and duties, of his devotion to the welfare of the men under his command, of their devotion to him, and of his military and political sagacity. But what are we to think of the writer of the following passage:

To the strictly religious character of her [his mother's] ethical views is also to be attributed her urgent desire that we, her sons, should enter wedlock "pure" and untouched by experiences with other women. With this object in view, she and those around us whom she had instructed endeavoured to keep us, as far as practicable, aloof from anyone and everyone

who might possibly lead us astray from the straight paths of virtue. . . . Whatever nonsense may have been early circulated about me, I, at any rate, cannot have greatly disappointed her.

For a piece of unconscious self-revelation this passage could hardly be surpassed.

We may pass over the comparatively venial vanity which has led the ex-Crown Prince to exaggerate the importance of the part that he played in the war. Titular Commander-in-Chief of a group of four armies, he is neither to be blamed nor praised for anything that they suffered or accomplished. He had no real authority or responsibility, and was, in fact, quite unqualified by training or natural capacity to be anything more than a figure-head. He was not allowed to enter the danger zone, and (except on one occasion when bombs were dropped near his quarters) is said never to have been under fire.

By far the most interesting and historically valuable chapter of the book is that which describes the scenes at Spa on November 9, 1918, when under merciless pressure from Prince Max of Baden in Berlin and Hindenburg, Gröner (Ludendorff's successor) and other army chiefs, the Kaiser was virtually deposed and banished. It is impossible not to be sensible of the pitiful plight of this very human mortal, until yesterday the "All Highest" and "Supreme War Lord," now driven into a corner by the men whom he had trusted, and stripped feather by feather of all the proud plumage in which he had throughout his life peacocked before the world. The measures taken may have been necessary, but they were none the less odious; it is perhaps significant to find the war which began with Bethmann-Hollweg's incredulous protest against England's regard for "a scrap of paper," ending with Gröner's jeer:

Military oaths! War lords! Those are, after all, only words—those are, when all is said, mere ideas!

It only remains to be said that, although the book is ostensibly the work of the ex-Crown Prince himself, the real authorship is attributed in Berlin to one Karl Rosner, a former war-correspondent of the *Lokal-anzeiger*.

MR. LYTTON STRACHEY'S ESSAYS

Books and Characters, French and English. By Lytton Strachey. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. net.

THE readers who have delighted to cluster round Mr. Lytton Strachey while he discoursed, with a sub-acid smile, on Cardinal Manning and on Miss Nightingale, and, above all, on Queen Victoria, must not expect quite the same order of entertainment from the fourteen essays which he has put together in the handsome volume before us. The style of Mr. Strachey has gained much in lightness and elasticity, and the essays belong, with one exception, to his early period. The exception is the chapter on "Mr. Creevy," which is in the author's mature manner, and a very good example of it. We intend, by saying this, to cast no reflection on the other thirteen essays, but merely to point out that they are earlier, and should therefore be taken on their own value, and not compared with what has more recently become recognized as Mr. Strachey's mixture of sardonic and humorous epigram. Three or four of the essays are dated 1906, and may therefore be regarded as representing the author's style and temper when he first began to express himself. If we are right in this conjecture, it is interesting to find the judgment of the critic riper than his style in those preliminary excursions, the contrary being usually the case. In subject, they are equally divided, some being English and some French. They are all sensible, fresh, and enthusiastic; there is little trace here of the Mr. Strachey who is a terror to the Victorian evil-doer, except in the instance of "Mr. Creevy."

The essay on Racine is put first, and by a happy instinct, for, although quite short, it is the most im-

portant of the series. It deals with the objections brought by English criticism against the preponderating value which the French set upon their leading tragic writer. It is admirably conceived and studded with fine observations. How true, and yet how novel, is the remark that what blinds our critics to the majesty of Racine is the "craving for metaphysical stimulants," which has seized upon us through the last hundred years! These pages, over which we would fain linger, present the least unworthy estimate of the genius of Racine hither expressed in our language. A review of Horace Walpole's letters to Madame du Deffand, another of M. Foulet's collected edition of the Correspondence of Voltaire, two illuminating studies of the character of the latter, and a very ingenious analysis of the method of Stendhal, testify to the critic's close study of French literature, in which, it will not be forgotten, he won his first laurels.

Among the English essays, perhaps the most significant is the defence of elaborate ornament in the language of Sir Thomas Browne, whose style, Mr. Strachey thinks, ought never to be dissociated from his thought, from "that mysterious and charming spirit which pervades his words." In 'Shakespeare's Final Period' the author courageously faces the fact that the latest works of the greatest of poets display carelessness and fatigue; "it is difficult to resist the conclusion that he was getting bored himself." The essay on 'The Last Elizabethan' does careful justice to the most important poet who arose in England between Keats and Tennyson, namely, to the strange author of 'Death's Jest Book,' but Mr. Strachey carries optimism too far when he says that Beddoes "was the least morbid of human beings." This is scarcely borne out by the little which is recorded of Beddoes's wayward and even sinister career. But why this passion for declaring all genius to be "healthy"? Lady Hester Stanhope, "inexplicable, grand, preposterous, with her nose in the air," is a subject made to divert the soul of Mr. Strachey, who dismisses her only too summarily in ten pages. Such, very rapidly outlined, are the principal themes that occupy this very charming volume of essays, which will not add much, perhaps, to the reputation of one of the most remarkable of our younger authors, but can detract nothing from it.

REMINISCENCES

The Puppet-Show of Memory. By Maurice Baring. Heinemann. 21s. net.

THIS book begins in Charles Street and ends in Constantinople; and those who take it up will not easily put it down. Mr. Baring's pen is felicitous. He has known many interesting, charming and distinguished people, and has travelled widely in Europe, and studied politics at first hand. He understands society, literature, music and the theatre. As an observer he is witty and eloquent without being prejudiced, and should prove a useful guide to his fellow countrymen in a field which, in spite of the *Agence Cook*, remains a closed book to the greater part of them. His pen portraits are admirable; whether of Mr. Gladstone speaking to the "spellbound" boys at Eton in 1891, or of Reggie Lister in Paris, or of Lady Currie, or of Colonel Philemonov, almost too ill to speak, commanding the terrible Russian artillery at the Battle of Liaoyang. How good this is about Lord Cromer!

In the evening my uncle used sometimes to read us passages of abuse about himself in the local press. One phrase which described him as combining the oiliness of a Chadband with the malignity of a fiend delighted him.

Mr. Baring has his own method of writing memoirs, which differs radically from some of his most notable predecessors—such, for instance, as the great Saint Simon. He rejoices in the absence of diaries and note-

books. "Memory, as someone has said, is the greatest of artists." Certainly nothing could be more artistic than the opening chapters of the book under review. We find in them an intimate, charming and delicious picture of childhood, which rivals the imaginary portraits of children that have been given us by novelists like Mr. Richard Pryce and Mr. Hugh Walpole. The story of the doll's house, the fifty-shilling train, the lost ticket, and the sister who pretended to be a wicked fairy; the description of his environment and of the servants will delight hosts of readers. How easy it was to get servants in those days! The alarming housekeeper Mrs. Pudgay, engaging an under-housemaid, was able to say: "She shall be called—nothing—and get £15 a year."

Few candidates probably for the diplomatic service have been better French scholars than Mr. Baring, and his knowledge of German was considerable. But so curiously and pedantically was the examination arranged at that time that he had the greatest difficulty in passing it, as he says:

I had merely wasted time by reading Renan and Mommsen; other candidates, who had never read a German book in their lives, by learning lists of words got more marks than I did.

But though literature had from the first claimed Mr. Baring as her own, this book would be the poorer without the amusing chapters on diplomatic life in Paris, Copenhagen and Rome. The remainder of the book, which deals chiefly with Russia, needs no commendation from us. As war correspondent for the *Morning Post* in the Russo-Japanese War, the author shows us, as it were, a rehearsal of some of the more characteristic features of the War of 1914-18—the vast casualties, the prolonged and indecisive nature of the operations. Mr. Baring is equally interesting about the crisis which followed the meeting of the First Duma. In July, 1906, the Government was about to form a Cadet or Liberal ministry from the party which had a great majority in the Duma. It was prevented by Stolypin, who argued the Cadets would only remain in office a week and would be replaced by the Extremists, who hated the Liberals more than they hated the Government. "Judging from what occurred in 1917," says Mr. Baring, "Stolypin's forecast was correct."

MR. BLUNDEN'S POETRY

The Shepherd and Other Poems of Peace and War. By Edmund Blunden. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s. net.

MR. BLUNDEN makes the publication of nature poetry by any other poet of our generation an unpardonable luxury. It is not that we have not the utmost tolerance for the nightjars and molecatchers of his Georgian contemporaries, their tabulations of rivers or enunciation of tides. It is merely that Mr. Blunden has made them superlatively unnecessary. There are poets with whom he has certain affinities. Indeed he is no inventor of forms; to express his matter he is happy enough to avail himself of those modes which the body of traditional English poetry has found most adapted to its nature. In other words, on the purely formal side, he is the heir of all our English poets who have followed the straight line of development. In matter his kinsmen are fewer. He has the calm, unhurried contemplativeness of Collins, Cowper, and the best of the typical eighteenth-century poetry. And, receiving his loves and solaces from the hand of nature, he is walking in the country of Wordsworth primarily, and of Meredith and Bridges. But where these are extensive in vision, Mr. Blunden is intensive. The parts are more important than the whole. It is John Clare, whom, with the co-operation of Mr. Alan Porter, he has loyally edited, who is nearest of kin to him. Mr. Blunden's second volume, 'The Shepherd,' makes a far more sparing use of dialect words than its predecessor, 'The Waggoner,' and for that reason has a smaller superficial resemblance to

Clare. (For ourselves we regret the change. Mr. Blunden seemed likely to revitalize our poetic currency with a fresh and musical mintage.) It is, at all events, Clare alone, in the whole range of our poetry who can compare with the intimacy and immediacy of Mr. Blunden's knowledge of fields, ponds, birds, flowers, beasts. But the newer poet is a finer artist. He is the master of the exquisite phrase, the incomparable adjective, as Clare, for all his genius was not. Hence, if contemporary prognostication is ever of value, Mr. Blunden must be esteemed assured of immortality, as we would dare to prognosticate it of not more than one or two other poets of our time.

There have been better botanists among poets than Mr. Blunden. But there has been none who could thus completely strip off his own garment of flesh and rise with the sap of tree or weed. So with thistle and nettle:

Above the hedge the spearman thistle towers
And thinks himself the god of all he sees;
But nettles jostle fearless where he glowers . . .

So again with 'The Giant Puffball,' whose history is told as if vegetation had at last a voice, and we "hallooing and hurtling churls" are merely some alien, malignant and ambulative growth.

Georgian poetry has sporadically been plunging ahead in the direction of Mr. Blunden. The toying among the large and little splendours of nature with the aptness and callow enthusiasm of a city clerk, has filled our recent anthologies, to the righteous derision of our American critics and the enemy in our gate, the frightening "left wing" of contemporary verse-writers. We have merely to compare the attempts at *genre* of one of the least ineffective of them, Mr. Wilfred Gibson, to perceive where Mr. Blunden has given us experience for guesswork and a passionate conscientious art for the suave attainment of an artificial crudity.

Such of his portraits as 'The Shepherd' and 'The Mole-Catcher' (it is unfortunate for those of his fellows who have preceded him in this delineation) heap observation upon observation in some natural rhythm of revelation until the details are co-ordinated into one whole of sturdy flesh and blood. Behind them stretch village greens or meadows or hills. About them winds come and flowers blow. The perfect illusion is created, which is Truth. It is probable, in fact, that the difficulty of comparing Mr. Blunden with other poets is because his truest affinities are to be found in painting, in the landscape and *glare* painting of the Netherlands. He has the meticulous accuracy of Snyders, the warmth and glow of the elder Breughel, but Snyders and Breughel marched in no great war and did not see their friends die hourly against the parapets. There is in their painting no emotion to respond to Mr. Blunden's:

Where thick beneath the twitch roots crawl
In dead men's envied bones.

"Nature is love and will remember love," he proclaims, and this is the faith which maintained him, with its "eternal memories winding as that last column down its colonnades." His grief at the passing from his days of the intimate beauties he loved so well was so deep and large that it became impersonal. It had no human lineaments. When he returned to them, it was to return to no personal indulgence. He became a link in the chain of his race, a detail in the accumulated tradition of his countryside.

On the green they watched their sons
Playing till too dark to see,
As their fathers watched them once,
As my father once watched me.

And he can render these emotions, if he desires, with the faint silver of those remembered bells of Harfleur or with the massive bronze of the carillon at Bruges. He moves between delicacy and strength, as a tree lives between its roots and the flaky lightness of its blossom. He would seem, like Keats, to have written his own epitaph, the epitaph of that race of half-men that has returned from the wars, leaving half of themselves among the smitten fields:

And I a stranger in my home pass by
To seek and serve the beauty that must die.

It is a beauty that will no more die than the name of Keats was, in truth, writ in water.

CRICKET: AUSTRALIAN SECRETS

The Art of Cricket. By Warwick W. Armstrong.
With twenty illustrations. Methuen. 6s. net.

THE leader of the Australian cricketers who played such havoc with England last year is indeed an artist, learned every way in the game, an excellent bowler and a masterly captain. His hints to young players are full of points, and not the worse for some cautions. Many a promising cricketer has been spoilt by bad habits acquired in youth, and the best amateurs have usually had the advantage of expert supervision at school. To the rising player to-day we must look for the improvement of English cricket, and captains may learn from Mr. Armstrong how to make the best use of him. A wise captain learns something even from the batsman's pose at the wicket:

Certain positions undoubtedly favour certain styles of play, and as a captain I have frequently altered the field after seeing an unknown player take up his position at a wicket, a thing I should never have continued to do, unless I had found it profitable.

The Australians had by far the best bowling power of last year, and a team sound throughout, headed by the greatest of living batsmen. That was a superiority not to be got over, especially as two of our batting stars were unable to twinkle last season. But the English team might have fielded better, and might have learnt how to run between the wickets. The second run is, as Mr. Armstrong notes, an art our players have not mastered. Doubtless they were intimidated by the Australian fielding, but we have seen them miss many legitimate chances. A performance so dull and lifeless as the English batting at Lord's last year we hope never to see again. Few batsmen can, like Macartney, average over fifty and make all bowlers look foolish; but many can show more enterprise than the bulk of English players last year. It was a great mistake to put a Test Match on the same days as the 'Varsity match; and another to expect the Australians to play from April 30 to September 10. With this long and wearing programme the captain had to nurse his team in a way not always fair to the spectators or consonant with the best traditions of the game. Spectators are quite justified in suspecting players who are out "for sport and profit"—the conjunction is *lago's*—and in the past "gate-money" has been disgustingly obvious in modifying the natural course of cricket. Mr. Armstrong is free from that reproach, but we cannot follow him in supposing that there are any circumstances in which the bowler should not try to get the batsman out. For better or for worse, that is the bowler's business. Wides have been bowled to secure a tactical advantage, but they are not respectable, not cricket.

First-rate batsmen are never rare: first-rate bowlers are. The bowler worth having requires besides natural ability a head, and a captain who will use him as tenderly as Izaak Walton used his frog, saving him all possible trouble and not expecting him to make runs, unless they are badly needed. When the good bowler, like Ferris, turns into a good batsman and a moderate bowler, his value has declined. It is bowlers that win matches, with fielders like those of Oxford and Cambridge last year to back them. Mr. Armstrong, now retired, tells how his own bowling should be hit. Last season he achieved 277 maidens, a tribute to his own length and English timidity. Australia, too, had the only competent googly man, who regularly dismissed the last two or three batsmen for small scores. The left-hand bowler is, oddly enough, scarce in Australia. Here is one of England's hopes. If Blythe had been alive last year, his sinister skill might

have made a difference. Others of his type are coming on, and we have noticed among good batsmen of late a welcome conviction that they must learn how to field. No moderate fielder should be chosen to meet South Africa at the close of the present season.

Last year we saw Mr. Maclaren, as a captain, stopping the long tale of Australian victories. In this book he and Mr. Armstrong exchange compliments concerning their exquisite knowledge of the game, and the cynic must admit that the mutual admiration is justified. Both were great as captains, but the Englishman was occasionally depressed, while nothing seemed to reduce the cheery confidence of the Australian. He was untiring, though no one could put him among the typical bowlers whom he describes as "long and lean."

MOORLAND MEDICINE

My Moorland Patients. By Dr. R. W. S. Bishop Murray. 12s. net.

PROBABLY the type of country practice of which so charming a picture is presented in this posthumous volume has been less changed than most by the advent of the telephone and the motor-car. Scattered amongst the Yorkshire dales and ghylls, the foothills of the Pennines and the upper moorlands of Derbyshire, there are still farmsteads and cottages unapproachable save on foot or horseback, and the physician whose lot it is permanently to attend them must needs be well hardened to wind and weather. In the earlier days described by Dr. Bishop, the physical handicaps of such a practice were of course greater, and in spite of a local reputation for second sight, either inherent or developed, whereby he could find his way under almost any conditions, there were many occasions on which, by inches only, he escaped disaster by bog or precipice. For three or four days at a time, he tells us, he was literally unable to answer the calls of distant patients owing to snow-drifts that not all his courage and skill could overcome, and his pages are rich with the human characters shaped under these circumstances of stress and solitude.

Viewly, obstracklous, or merely shaffletoppin', in the moorland Doric he loved so well, each emerges lit with the same keen and tender and tolerant insight. Particularly interesting to every north-countryman will be his account, for instance, of Peter Thirkill, that prince of the rare and difficult art of building "dry walls" of the local stone. A man of but two books he had a passion for bestowing upon his children names beginning with A, and Albert, Anthony, Alfred, Arthur, Asa, Alberta, Alvira, Alvretta and Alvirina, all patients of Dr. Bishop, became a formidable moorland tribe.

Folk-lore, philology, and sport of all kinds have each in turn been Dr. Bishop's debtors, and there can have been few invented dramas more deeply moving, or so mordant in their revelation of character, than that so simply told here in the few pages devoted to the story of Hester.

To lovers of the dales, but no less to lovers of all distant and hardly tamed places this book will come brimmed with the good things not to be found in cities. And not the least of its treasures will be the self-revelation, perhaps the more complete because so obviously unintended, of one of those all-weather, all-the-year-round, ultimately responsible general practitioners who are still, even in these days of specialism, the finest flower of their profession.

Fiction

Hepplestaill's. By Harold Brighouse. Chapman and Dodd. 7s. 6d. net.

'HEPPLESTALL'S' is by far the finest work that Mr. Brighouse has given us. He has travelled far since the days of his somewhat jejune comedies and of such undistinguished novels as 'Fossie for Short'

and 'The Silver Lining.' Since then he has been—if he will forgive the expression—to school; and his schoolmaster has been George Meredith. He has learned none of his vices and acquired some of his virtues. 'Hepplestaill's' has something of the firm organic completeness of 'Evan Harrington.' It carries the fortunes of the Lancashire house of Hepplestaill across a century and a half, from the time when Reuben, landowner that he was, conceived the value of the recent discovery called steam and founded his great eponymous cotton-firm, to the time when Rupert (the Great War coming to an end) stood out for his inheritance in the teeth of his own vacillation and the seductions of London capital. It is the finest Lancashire novel we have read, because it touches the character of Lancashire, its interests, its personalities, at so many points and touches them always so convincingly. But it is more in detail that Mr. Brighouse displays the hand of his master, particularly in the matter of his crisp, concentrated and intellectual dialogue. Take the moment when Edward, the aristocratic son of Reuben Hepplestaill, threatens to abandon the mill:

"You are right," said Reuben. "We must not flatter our young comedian by taking him gravely."

"That is an insult, sir," said Edward.

"In comedy," Reuben smiled suavely at him, "it may be within the rules for a father to insult a vapouring son. In life, such possibilities do not exist."

Ridicule! Edward could fight against any weapon but this. "You treat me like a child!" he said in plaintive impotence.

"O no!" said Reuben. "So far I have given you the benefit of the doubt. I have not whipped you yet."

It reads curiously like the inversion of a conversation between Harry Richmond and his son. The pattern of the Hepplestaill history is crossed and intercrossed by the sombre thread of their hereditary enemies, the Bradshaws. Reuben had seduced (to put no fine point upon it) Phoebe Bradshaw, the daughter of the last of the small conservative manufacturers to be ruined by the growing colossus of Hepplestaill and steam. When Reuben hanged his son John Bradshaw for the murder of his second wife, the seed was sown of a hostility which persisted from generation to generation. The climax of this novel is provided by the union of these two families in the persons of Rupert, an officer on leave, and 'Mary Arden' Bradshaw, the musical comedy star of the war-time stage. Mr. Brighouse is most convincing in his treatment of those periods which are remotest from us. A generation or two hence (this book will not easily be lost from the libraries of Lancashire) his contemporary episodes may read as convincingly. To us it seems that Mr. Brighouse goes wrong when his epic of a great factory deteriorates into the love-story of an improbable young man.

The Clash. By Storm Jameson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THERE is a peculiar faculty of indignation and swift vision about Miss Storm Jameson's work which distinguishes it from the more ordered writing of all her woman contemporaries, excluding only Miss Dorothy Richardson, who is a futurist. Miss Mansfield is as direct and unembarrassed as she, but is rather a master of physical than spiritual textures. Miss Mansfield can render the feeling of clothes and flesh perfectly. Miss Jameson can render the nature of the actions upon each other of men and woman with amazing rightness. She is like a volcano in eruption. Her earlier novels, 'The Pot Boils,' and, to a lesser degree, 'The Happy Highways,' discharged much of the heavy theorizing of an arduous and ardent adolescence. 'The Clash' is not free from these discolorations, but gives much more hope of an utterance of clean fire. It is only with such substances that her work can be compared, for her style is molten and heady like her thoughts. Of course, she is not free from an occasional damp squib. The eyes which were "blue as rain-wet hyacinths" belong to this order of pyrotechnics. So, too, does the perpetual crackling of her

word, "gesture." Hardly any of her dramatis personæ, from her hills to her heroine, does not perform a "gesture" at some time or another in the course of her narrative. Yet "narrative" is perhaps not the word to describe this series of violent and hardly connected episodes which constitute the career of Elizabeth Denman. All art at its best is sexless, intuition being the faculty of no physical organ. That is why the quick flames of Miss Jameson's genius bring to our mind sometimes the heavy smouldering of Emily Brontë, sometimes the sombre glow of Mr. Lawrence. Miss Jameson's account of the dinner given by the American officers at an aerodrome station in England to their English colleagues presents such a picture of high drunkenness and the other-worldly clarity which it sometimes brings with it, as Sir Arthur Quiller Couch would allow only to a seasoned toper endowed with great literary craft. No other novel that has attempted it has been so successful, excepting perhaps an American novel not yet published here, Mr. Maurice Samuel's 'The Outsider.' She has been as successful in her rendering of her thoroughly emancipated American. She has entered into the spirit of Jess Cornish, the American flying officer, who becomes Elizabeth Denman's lover. All his arrogance she makes explicit. His diffidence in the face of this ordered civilization that surrounds him, is cleverly made implicit by the very exaggeration of his reactions. We see him more truly as one character and another are brought into contact with him. It is his failure to carry off Elizabeth Denman from her husband that reveals him truest of all. His own strength has foredoomed him to his own failure.

The Mercy of Allah. By Hilaire Belloc. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d..

THE MERCY OF ALLAH is altogether a finer achievement than Mr. Belloc's earlier political satires, 'Mr. Clutterbuck's Election,' and the rest. He is most at home in the belabouring of finance, that most international of commodities. Politics, after all, may sometimes possess a strictly national flavour (for witness take the old *Novoe Vremya* or the present *L'Action Française*), and for that reason most of necessity find some tolerance in Mr. Belloc's tribal bosom. From coup to coup we follow the progress of Mahmoud's fortunes, from the moment when, a stow-away, he "affected an air of authority" and filched a sailor's wine and fruit, to the days when he invented "the money made of paper," financed both combatants in a pointless war, ruined with sleek grace a hundred thousand widows, and retired at length to his native city, because "I had attained the summit of Human Life. I had all . . . and there descended upon me what wealth, supreme wealth, alone can give: the Strong Peace of the Soul." It is not entirely finance that Mr. Belloc satirizes. The mumbo-jumboism of Law receives its meed of attention: "'Note also, your Holiness,' continued the Pleader, wagging his arched forefinger, 'the contumax in advert to subvert, and the same regardant.'" His description of "the moneyed manner" in the episode of the 'Camels and Dates' is rich with comedy. But the preposterous paradox about this novel is that Mahmoud is altogether a lovable creature, despite his creator's ferocious intentions. So, in a more exalted sphere, is Milton's Satan a more popular character than his too potent and wordy Antagonist. Mr. Belloc occasionally overdoes his satire badly. We hear too monotonously how the "outrageous" call of the muezzin broke in so impiously upon the conclave of uncle and nephews. And the bestowal of a decrepit fig by the millionaire upon the blushing youths is a mere childish exaggeration. The episode of the "Saint" is an unpleasant discourtesy towards a great creed. But in the matter of

the figs the youngest nephew takes a sweet revenge. Modestly the child demands the eminent man's autograph. The eminent man soon finds he has been duped into signing an ample "Order to Pay." The child, fit casket of the avuncular wisdom, is taken at once into Mahmoud's benevolent bosom.

The Road to Anywhere. By "Rita." Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.

Iwould not have occurred to us, as it has evidently occurred to the publisher, to describe this work as a "delightful love-story." The juvenile lead is played by a vivacious little flirt of French nationality, her supporters being two Englishmen both in love with her, an English school friend in love with one of these gentlemen, and a German ditto, who apparently is never in love with anyone. The action ends with the poor little heroine's death, as a result of hideous outrage (August, 1914, has surprised her in enemy territory). Her lovers remain more or less broken-hearted, and there is no hint of marriage or even of betrothal for them or for the other survivors. Such elements, on a rigorous interpretation, may be said to constitute a "love-story." But how "delightful"? With the further pronouncement that we have here an example of "Rita's" happiest manner, we are more inclined to agree. The writing is lively and entertaining even beyond this popular author's usual standard. For subtle psychology or depth of philosophical reflection we shall not be likely to look, and we certainly shall not find them. The two young women supposed respectively to stand for France and Germany are drawn on conventional lines, having little correspondence with fact. The English girl is, as might be expected, truer to life. We feel, indeed, that we have met her before now in the flesh, and have no objection to meet her again. The men, German and English, are seen by the writer as we were all inclined to see them during the war; as monopolists, that is, on one side of the most hateful, and on the other of the most lovable qualities proper to the masculine character.

Pan and the Twins, by Eden Phillpotts (Richards, 7s. 6d. net). Much as we liked 'Evander,' we feel that in this book the author has made a distinct advance in handling his material. In 'Evander' he reminded us of Garnett in 'The Twilight of the Gods,' 'Pan' seems to have been written by an Anatole France native to our soil, with a kindly, pitying, human irony which sees life as the play of circumstance and counsels ways of escape. The twins are Arcadius, a devotee of Pan, who assists him to recover the father whom he had never known, and Hilarion, who has become a Christian and an eremite of a somewhat unusual pattern. The scene is laid in Italy, at a time when Christianity is coming into power without having fully developed its persecuting qualities, and Arcadius, who had built the last temple to Pan ever erected, is saved from being burned alive as an example by a broad-minded Emperor. 'Pan and the Twins' is a book which every educated reader will buy and keep by him with 'Evander.' It takes a very special place in modern English literature.

The Lark, by E. Nesbit (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d. net), is the story of two girls, who are suddenly left alone in the world with a cottage and a little money by their absconding trustee. They come in contact with the most incredibly nice people, and the most incredible opportunities open out before them, as is Miss Nesbit's comforting way, but they deserve it all. They are charming girls who treat everything that happens to them as a "lark," and the recital of their adventures makes a pleasant and entertaining book.

The Enchanted Canyon, by Honoré Willis (Butterworth, 7s. 6d. net), opens with its hero as a boy in the worst slum in New York, who is taken in hand by a philanthropist, and brought into Arizona for a complete change of atmosphere. He returns to the East, and we next meet him as Secretary of the Interior at Washington, a public-spirited patriot, whose only fault is a fear of women, which had been inculcated in him by the scoundrel with whom he had lived. His mother was a drab of the lowest type, and he dared not marry or have children. How and by whom this obsession was cured makes a tale which ranges from Washington to the Canyon country. Mildly interesting and intensely conventional American in its sentiment.

Authors and Publishers

A MISCELLANY

MRS. CHARLES KINGSLEY, the London representative of Charles Scribners Sons, writes to tell me that the serial publication in England of *Scribners' Magazine*, which was interrupted by the war, has now been renewed. I am delighted to welcome back again this admirable magazine, which fills a place not occupied, so far as I know, by any other publication. In addition to containing some of the best fiction written in America, it has also articles of a high-class general character both by English and American writers, and it covers a field more varied and extended than that of most popular monthly magazines. No intelligent and cultivated person, to whom the twaddle of the ordinary magazine-story is a bore, can fail to find something in *Scribners'* which he will read, and read gladly. An excellent article of out-of-the-way interest in this number is that on Spanish Gardens by Ernest Peixotto.

The author of *Main Street*, that novel of prodigious sales, has returned to America full of hard words about English writers. According to his observation, there is a tendency among literary persons in France and England "to live upon war-fatigue and the lazy offering of the not-too-recent fray as an excuse for not doing anything." I do not think Mr. Sinclair Lewis quite understands the position. We, in Europe, have had five years of fighting compared with America's one, and that should make Mr. Lewis five times as tolerant of any lack of "pep" he may have noticed. Yet I cannot agree that there is much lack of "pep." On the contrary I should have said that the youth of this country is writing to-day with an energy that has never been surpassed. I do not mean energy of expression—though there is no lack of that—so much as sheer energy of output.

When he touches the subject of literary cliques, Mr. Sinclair Lewis is on safer ground. But even here his criticism is a little overdone. "In England writers mingle only with literary people, become a light-minded and complacent lot, all too darn literary for any use." They fight among themselves, he says, and never come in contact with life itself. There is justice in his complaint that English reviewers should find fault with American literature because they cannot understand the American language. As well, as he says, decry a Russian novel because the language is unknown to one! But I cannot persuade myself that any reviewer worthy of his calling would adopt the attitude of which Mr. Lewis complains. Altogether, he does not seem to have enjoyed his visit overmuch.

I should like to congratulate the *Manchester Guardian* on the very good Printing Supplement issued by it this week. Its historical account of printing, considering the compression it must have undergone, is remarkably free from mis-statements, and the fac-similes accompanying it are well-chosen and illuminating. I think Mr. Ricketts's type was derived from Spira, not Jenson, and the account does not do justice to the way William Morris helped to popularize Caslon old-face by using it for his first two prose romances before the Kelmscott Press was founded. The derivative character of the best German printing is not sufficiently dwelt on, and the great services of Mr. Uppdike and Mr. Bruce Rogers to modern design in printing might have been acknowledged. I am heartily with the *Manchester Guardian* in its insistence on the importance of good printing and good design to the advertiser, as well as to the ordinary reader.

Among the things which I envy the new generation (and I am far from envying them altogether) is the way history is taught them. How much firmer a grasp of my own country I should have had as a boy if *A History of Everyday Things in England* had then been available! Mr. Batsford has done a public service by issuing Mr. and Mrs. Quenell's invaluable work in six separate parts, each covering a definite period, with all the illustrations, at 3s. a part. Every preparatory school, every tutor or governess whose privilege it is to guide the first steps of childhood, should use this book, which takes the common and visible things of life, the buildings and implements, and leads the mind back into the past by means of them. It makes English history fascinating and comprehensible to the youngest reader.

Looking over the new edition of Butler's *The Authoress of the Odyssey* I find another proof of the uselessness of any correction of a book once published. Meeting Butler some time before he died, I expressed some astonishment that he had not referred to the post-classical tradition which ascribed to a woman the first authorship of the Homeric poems. Of this, it turned out, he was entirely ignorant, though he had taken a very good degree in Classics. His letters on the subject were published later on in a biography, but seem to have escaped the notice of his editor, so that I must once more remind Butlerians and students of the *Odyssey* that a certain Alexandrian critic of Homer, Naucrates by name, asserts that the *Odyssey* (and the *Iliad*!) were written by one Phantasia, daughter of Nicarityus, a professor of philosophy, and were preserved in the library of Memphis, where Homer found them.

Why does a dog persist in running beside the wheels of a moving vehicle and barking at it? This is not a riddle, though the answer to it is more interesting than most riddles. This question and a great number of others are answered in *General Psychology in Terms of Behaviour*, by Stevenson Smith and Edwin R. Guthrie and published by Messrs. Appleton at 12s. 6d. net. The book states clearly the principles of general psychology and by means of such examples as that I have quoted relates the whole subject in a concrete way to the experiences of daily life. I know of no work on general psychology that states the facts for the beginner so simply, lucidly and well. But must we always suffer "fixate," "motivate," "determiner," etc.?

I have often thought that the ideal weekly ought to include retrospective reviews of books which perhaps fell flat on publication but deserve to be remembered. Unfortunately there are many good reasons why this cannot be done. I am reminded of my wish by a little happening of this week. Nearly twenty years ago I lent a distinguished man of letters my copy of Harold Frederic's *March Hares*—which he did not return (he had warned me that he never returned books). Since then and up to yesterday, when I lighted on it by chance, I have been looking about for another copy of it without success. Why are not Frederic's books reprinted? Not the "important" ones, which date too much, but such gay, irresponsible little masterpieces as *March Hares*, or *Gloria Mundi*, or *The Market Place*. One could think of half-a-dozen other authors like him whose books would be read with pleasure now for the very qualities which a few years ago left them outside the pale of the fashionable criticism of their day.

LIBRARIAN

Competitions

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

Prizes will be given every week for the first correct solution of the current Acrostic and Chess Problems. The prizes will consist of a copy of any book (to be selected by the winner) reviewed in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set. The published price of the book must not exceed one guinea, and it must be a book issued by one of the Houses mentioned in the list below.

Envelopes containing solutions must be clearly marked "Competition" and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor or Chess Editor, the SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2. Any competitor not so marking his envelope will be disqualified. The name of the winner and of the book selected will be published in the issue following that in which the problem was set. Each competitor should indicate his choice when sending his solution.

The following is the list of publishers whose books may be selected:—

Allen & Unwin	Harrap	Mills & Boon
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Heinemann	Murray
Basil Blackwell	Hodder & Stoughton	Nash & Grayson
Burns, Oates & Wash-	Hodge	Odams Press
bourne	Herbert Jenkins	Stanley Paul
Chapman & Hall	Hutchinson	Putnam's
Collins	Jarrod	Routledge
Dent	John Lane, The Bodley	Sampson Low
Fisher Unwin	Head	Selwyn & Blount
Foulie	Macmillan	S.P.C.K.
Grant Richards	Melrose	Ward, Lock
Gyldendal	Methuen	Werner Laurie

LITERARY COMPETITIONS.

Entries for Competition No. 2 have now closed. We hope to publish the results next week, together with the new subjects for competition.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 12.

TO VIEW MY FIRST, SIR, IF YOU ARE INTENT,
STRAIGHT TO MY SECOND SHOULD YOUR STEPS BE BENT.

1. If this be happy, all is well, I trow.
2. You hope to? Then, boy, you must practise thrift!
3. A cunning trick he knows to foil a foe.
4. What weight cannot my "Atlas shoulders" lift?
5. In Western lands his varied notes are heard;
6. But I to Polar climes my vessel steered.
7. Well grounded sometimes, sometimes quite absurd.
8. No longer is that triple monster feared.
9. To study this might lend some speakers grace.
10. I shouldn't wonder if it wins the race.

N.B.—For Light 4 consult Emerson's "Poems."

Solutions should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him by the first post on Friday, June 2.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 10.

TO KING AND CONSTITUTION TRUE,
WE COMMENT THUS ON WHAT MEN DO.

1. A river,—in it lurks a fine old sailor.
2. A coat like his demands a clever tailor.
3. From facts too often disinclined to learn.
4. It's all there is, so make it serve your turn.
5. Ungainly denizen of tropic lands!
6. The ancients praised me for my golden sands.
7. Could you but find it, 'twere indeed the clue.
8. We watched her as before the wind she flew.
9. Alas, poor simple, foolish water-sheep!
10. Fair stony blossom of the ancient deep.
11. If not performed, why then 'tis best not made.
12. What glorious rainbow-tints are here displayed!
13. "Mistress of all things, noble and divine."
14. It boasts the stronghold of a lordly line.

Solution to Acrostic No. 10.

¹ Hanno, the Carthaginian, before 470 B.C. voyaged along the West Coast of Africa as far as Cape Nun.

² The ancient *Darius*, famous for its gold.

³ Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyám," 51:—
A Hair, they say, divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Hair were the clue,
Could you but find it, to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too.

⁴ "The Compleat Angler," chap. 17:—"As the carp is accounted the water-fox for his cunning, so the roach is accounted the water-sheep for his simplicity."

⁵ Eccles. v. 5.

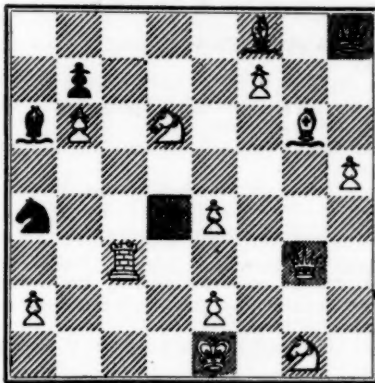
⁶ Cicero, "Of the Nature of the Gods."
"How noble and divine is eloquence!
which is the mistress of all things, as
you are accustomed to say."

S hanno N¹
A rmadill O
T heoris T
U nivers E
R hinocero S
D our Q²
A li F³
Y ach T
R oac H⁴
E ncrinit E
V o W⁵
I ridescenc E
E loquenc E⁶
W arwic K

CHESS PROBLEM No. 29.

By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.

BLACK (5)



WHITE (13)

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him by the first post on May 30.

PROBLEM No. 28.

Solution.

WHITE:

- (1) Q-K7.
- (2) Mates accordingly.

BLACK:

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 28.—The first correct solution was received from Mr. H. Westcott, of 15 Cable Street, Liverpool, who is requested to select as his prize one of the books reviewed in our columns last week and available under the conditions laid down for our competitions.

PROBLEM No. 27.—Correct from R. A. Read, David Lewis, J. Fine, M. C. Ellis, F. T. Walker, Albert Taylor, Dunstan, E. F. Emmet, C. V. R. Wright, G. C. Hughes, W. A. Jesper, R. Wilson, T. M. Rankin, E. Cameron, M. T. Howells, R. Black, R. Middleton, J. A. Deary, W. Mason, W. W. Davies, P. I. Wyndham, A. H. P. Turner, H. Westcott, A. E. Thiselton, T. J. Bearde, J. Kahane, A. Lewis, Spencer Cox, E. R., C. S. Lewis, E. J. B. Lloyd, and W. G. Hill.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. L. AND OTHERS.—In No. 27 Kt-K4 is met by Kt (K3) any; B x P ch by Kt-Kt4 and R-Ksq. ch, by K x Kt.

DUNSTAN.—Yes; only the key of a two-mover is needed; but we hope soon to be presenting occasional three-movers.

LADY PROBLEM-COMPOSERS.

We are always hoping to see more ladies taking to the fascinating pursuit of composing chess problems. At present we seem only able to claim that distinguished chess artist, Mrs. W. J. Baird, whose exceedingly clever work of this kind is known all over the world; though until three years ago, the late Mrs. T. B. Rowland was another brilliant witness, through her delightful problems, to the fact that ladies can meet men on equal terms in the construction of these delicate fancies. Mrs. Rowland, when Miss F. F. Beechey, published a little book of charming problems, and after her marriage collaborated with her able husband in the production of several valuable chess works, including a useful book on the art and practice of composing problems; and, speaking from personal knowledge, we can testify that she found the pursuit of the artistic in chess a wonderful set-off against the trials of a life of much ill-health. Then, we recall, at a far earlier period, the good work of a lady who, signing herself "Deesa," contributed from India capital problems to the old chess column in *Land and Water* (long since abandoned). But when we have mentioned these three ladies, we have sadly to confess that we cannot name any other whose problem work has been, either in extent or class, worthy of mention. We would try to persuade the chess-playing ladies that if they will occasionally turn their artistic, constructive and imaginative abilities towards the production of chess problems, they will be surprised to find what a source of pleasure to themselves and others they have hitherto been neglecting.

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Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

- Among French Folk.* By W. Branch Johnson. Palmer: 12s. 6d. net.
Pages from the Works of Thomas Hardy. Chatto & Windus: 7s. 6d. net.
Philosophical Studies. By G. E. Moore. Kegan Paul: 15s. net.
Soliloquies in England and Later Soliloquies. By George Santayana. Constable: 12s. net.
The Misuse of Mind. By Karin Stephen. Kegan Paul: 6s. 6d. net.
Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies. By Stephen Graham. Macmillan: 8s. 6d. net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- Andrew Marvell: Tercentenary Tributes.* Edited by W. H. Baggeley. Milford, Oxford University Press: 6s. net.
Between Two Continents. By Prince William of Sweden. Nash & Grayson: 15s. net.
Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders. By A. S. Barnes. Longmans: 12s. 6d. net.
British History in the Nineteenth Century. 1782-1901. By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans: 12s. 6d. net.
England. By an Overseas Englishman. The Bodley Head: 6s. net.
Irish and Other Memories. By the Duke de Stacpoole. Philpot: 15s. net.
Peace and Bread. By Jane Addams. Macmillan: 8s. 6d. net.
Red Dusk and the Morrow. Adventures and Investigations in Soviet Russia. By Sir Paul Duke. Williams & Norgate: 15s. net.
Reminiscences of an Indian Cavalry Officer. By J. S. E. Western. Allen & Unwin: 10s. 6d. net.
The English Village. By Harold Peake. Benn: 15s. net.
The History and Nature of International Relations. By Edmund A. Walsh. Macmillan: 10s. 6d. net.
With the Judeans in the Palestine Campaign. By Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson. Hutchinson: 16s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA

- An Anthology of Italian Poets. 13th-19th century.* Selected and translated by Lorna de Lucchi. Heinemann: 10s. 6d. net.
French Verse from Villon to Verlaine. By R. L. G. Ritchie and J. M. Moore. Dent: 5s. net.
Guilty Souls. A Play and a Preface. By Robert Nichols. Chatto & Windus: 7s. net.
Late Lyrics and Earlier. By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.
Love Songs of Men and Women. By Erda Lang. Erskine Macdonald.
Manx Melodies. By Josephine Kermode. Long: 3s. 6d. net.
Plays. First Series. By Eugene O'Neill. Cape: 7s. 6d. net.
The Soul's Adventure. By John Shelburne. Erskine Macdonald: 5s. net.

FICTION

- A Child of the Forest.* By A. Safroni Middleton. Long: 7s. net.
A Great Surprise. By Nat Gould. Long: 7s. net.
Dormant Fires. By Gertrude Atherton. Murray: 7s. 6d. net.
Happy Chance. By Cecil Adair. Stanley Paul: 7s. 6d. net.
Knock, Knock, Knock. By Ivan Turgenev. New editions. Heinemann: 4s. net.
Many Altars. By Maud I. Nisbet. Long: 7s. net.
Mark Ryder's Vow. By Paul Trent. Ward Lock: 7s. net.
Maxa. Episodes in a Woman's Life. By Robert Elson. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.
Narcissus in the Way. By G. V. McFadden. The Bodley Head: 8s. 6d. net.
Rat of Paris. By Dorota Flatau. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.
Shifting Sands. By Mrs. Patrick MacGill. Jenkins: 7s. 6d. net.
Silver Cross. By Mary Johnstone. Butterworth: 7s. 6d. net.
Spinster of This Parish. By W. B. Maxwell. Butterworth: 7s. 6d. net.
Tales of a Modern Cynic. Thacker: 6s. net.
The Bridge. By M. L. C. Pickthall. Hodder & Stoughton: 7s. 6d. net.
The Forsyte Saga. By John Galsworthy. Heinemann: 7s. 6d. net.
The Giant Stealers. By Bertram Gayton. Jenkins: 7s. 6d. net.
The Heir. By V. Sackville West. Heinemann: 6s. net.
The Marooned Lovers. By Godfrey Dean. Long: 7s. net.
The Middle of Things. By J. S. Fletcher. Ward Lock: 7s. net.
The Mountaineers. By Harold Bindloss. Ward Lock: 7s. net.
The New Decameron. Volume III. Oxford, Blackwell: 7s. 6d. net.
The Voice in the Wilderness. By Richard Blaker. Cape: 7s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Anglo-South-American Handbook 1922.* Fisher Unwin: 25s. net.
An Outline of Sexual Morality. By Kenneth Ingram. Cape: 3s. 6d. net.
Apostles of Freedom. By Professor T. L. Vaswani. Madras, Ganesh.
Chemistry and Radio-Active Substances. By A. S. Russell. Murray: 6s. net.
China at the Conference. A Report. By Westel W. Willoughby. Baltimore: John Hopkins Press.
Christianizing the Heathen. By Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner. Watts: 3s. 6d. net.
Everyman's Own Minister of Health. By Alex. Clement. Quality Press Co.: 2s. 6d. net.
For What do We Live? By Edward Howard Grigg. Second Edition. New York: Orchard Hill Press.
Free Will and Determinism. By J. Raymond Solly. Constable: 2s. 6d. net.
It's All in the Game. By W. T. Tilden. Methuen: 5s. net.
Krishna's Flute. By Professor T. L. Vaswani. Madras, Ganesh.
Le Juif Polonais. By E. Erckmann-Chatrian. Edited by H. W. Liddle. Blackie: 1s. net.
Lost Ships and Lonely Seas. By Ralph D. Paine. Allen & Unwin: 15s. net.
More Trivia. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Constable: 6s. net.
On Secret Patrol in High Asia. By Captain L. V. S. Blacker. Murray: 18s. net.
Organic Chemistry. By A. Bernthsen. Blackie: 12s. 6d. net.
Royal Auction Bridge. By W. Dalton. Eighth Edition. De La Rue: 7s. 6d. net.
Safe Marriage. By Etta A. Rout. Heinemann: 3s. 6d. net.
Sensible Religion. By the Rev. E. W. Shephard Walwyn. Allenson: 2s. net.
Suburbia. Caricatured by H. M. Bateman. Methuen: 6s. net.
The Art of Marriage. By Horace Newte. Laurie: 2s. 6d. net.
The Aryan Ideal. By Prof. T. L. Vaswani. Madras: Ganesh: Re. 1.
The Drink and Drug Evil in India. By Badrul Hassan. Foreword by Mahatma Gandhi. Madras, Ganesh: 5s.
The Evolution of Continuity. By David Russell. Allen & Unwin: 16s. net.
The Light Side of Auction Bridge. By A. E. Manning Foster. Putnam: 3s. 6d. net.
The National Opera Handbooks. The Ring of the Nibelungs: Tristan and Isolde. By A. Corbett Smith. Grant Richards: 1s. each.
The Story of the Bible. By Macleod Yearsley. Watts: 7s. 6d. net.
The Trade Cycle. By F. Lavington. King: 3s. 6d. net.
The Whole Art of Dining and Table Decorations. By J. Rey. Carmona & Baker: 21s. net.
Through Yorkshire. By Gordon Home. Dent: 2s. net.
Woodland Creatures. By Frances Pitt. Allen & Unwin: 12s. 6d. net.

A Library List

The following books are suggested to those making up their library lists. An asterisk against a title denotes that it is fiction.

- A Book of Cricket.* By P. F. Warner. Dent.
Aspects and Impressions. By Edmund Gosse. Cassell.
Disenchantment. By C. E. Montague. Chatto & Windus.
Golf from Two Sides. By Roger and Joyce Wethered. Longmans.
Lawn Tennis Do's and Dont's. B. A. E. Crawley. Methuen.
Lord Byron's Correspondence. Edited by John Murray.
**Mortal Coils.* By Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus.
**Mr. Prohack.* By Arnold Bennett. Methuen.
**My Daughter Helen.* By Alan Monkhouse. Cape.
Pasteur and His Work. By L. Descour. Fisher Unwin.
**Search.* By Margaret Rivers Larminie. Chatto & Windus.
The American Language. By H. L. Mencken. Cape.
**The Camomile.* By Catherine Carswell. Chatto & Windus.
**The Gang.* Joseph Anthony. Cape.
**The Garden Party.* By Katharine Mansfield. Constable.
The Jews. By Hilaire Belloc. Constable.
The Pastons and Their England. By H. S. Bennett. Cambridge University Press.
The Prime Ministers of Britain. By Hon. Clive Bigham. Murray.
**The Secret Places of the Heart.* By H. G. Wells. Cassell.
**The Things We Are.* By Middleton Murry. Constable.
The Victorian Age. By W. R. Inge. Cambridge University Press.
Waiting for Daylight. By H. M. Tomlinson. Cassell.

Company Meetings

EAGLE, STAR, AND BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE CO., Ltd.

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QUINQUENNIAL VALUATION RESULTS.

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the above Company was held, on the 18th inst., at the offices of the Company, 32, Moor-gate, London, Sir Edward M. Mountain, Bart., J.P. (chairman and managing director), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. John Gardiner, A.C.A.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that the year had been a lean one for insurance business. The success or non-success of particular years in respect to insurance business depended entirely upon the prosperity or otherwise of industry, and 1921 was one of the worst in that respect that had been experienced for many years. It was during such periods of depression that the care and skill with which an insurance company was managed was brought to the issue. It was a recognized fact that as all trades had been and always would be subject to fat and lean years, so in the insurance business the same was the case, and he thought shareholders would agree that, considering the times through which they had passed, the accounts were in every way satisfactory.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Dealing with the marine department, it would be seen that they brought forward £785,644, that the net premium income amounted to £439,960, together £1,225,604, against which they had settled on the year under review and previous years a sum of £743,673. The expenses of management, including provision for income-tax and excess profits duty, amounted to £62,009; they had transferred to profit and loss account the sum of £47,908, and the marine fund at the end of the year was £394,921, being equivalent to 90 per cent. of the income, compared with 66 per cent. for 1920. The reason of the ratio of this reserve to premium income was so much higher in proportion to it than in previous years was because they had to wind up large accounts in previous years. This reserve would in due course decline to a normal figure. Last year he referred to the outlook as unfavourable, and in consequence they anticipated a further reduction in the premium income. He did not think there was any company in London which so rapidly reduced its income from this source as this company had done during the last few years. At the present moment the position in the marine insurance world was not how much money a company was likely to make, but how little it could avoid losing. In spite of the great depreciation in this market, their underwriting had been done with such extreme care that they had been able to make a small profit, and he did not anticipate, even if such times should continue, that on the very conservative lines they adopted they were likely to make any loss.

FIRE AND GENERAL INSURANCE.

The premium income from fire and general insurance, as compared with last year, showed a slight reduction of £5,462, but this was very much smaller than was disclosed by the accounts of other companies so far published. Their total premium income was £2,249,215; the claims paid and outstanding after the deduction of reinsurances, amounted to £1,273,545, a ratio of 56.62 per cent. Commission and brokerage aggregated £476,426; expenses of management, including income-tax and provision for excess profits duty, £441,704, a combined ratio of 40.81 per cent. After carrying forward a reserve of 40 per cent. of the total premium income, they had been able to transfer to profit and loss account the sum of £95,093. The fire business showed good results generally, except in America, that country showing the worst loss ratio since the San Francisco disaster. This was undoubtedly due to trade depression. The accident department, which embraced workmen's compensation, personal accident, burglary, livestock insurance, etc., had had quite a good year. With regard to motor vehicle insurance, this had been a loss for several years, practically to all companies transacting this class of business. So far as that company was concerned, he was of opinion that it had turned the corner, and with the tendency for the cost of repairs to decrease, it looked as though there were favourable prospects of the business once more becoming a paying proposition. American motor vehicle business, which up to the end of 1919 had shown a reasonable profit for some years, had, in the last two years shown very bad results indeed. They were endeavouring to improve the condition, and he thought it only a question of time for this business to be adjusted. The engineering, indemnity and other departments continued to make good progress. It was difficult to prophesy in these days, but the year had opened quite well, and with the steadier conditions of trade which were fore-shadowed, they were hopeful of good results in 1922.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Reverting to life insurance, he said that a year ago he expressed the opinion that the amount of new life business was likely to be smaller than in the previous years, and it would be seen from the figures in the report that, in common with nearly every other office, they showed a reduced new business for 1921. The reason for this was not far to seek. In the first place, the exceptional demand in the years immediately following the war, created by the return to civil life of a very large number of men who had been debarred during the war from effecting life policies, had been very largely met, and, secondly, the unparalleled trade depression had made it impossible for many to effect the insurances which normally they would require. There was, however, another and much brighter side to the picture of the life department which he had to put before them. A year ago the question of depreciation of their investments, more especially in the closed fund, was an important one. To-day the position was entirely changed, and the present outlook in that respect was very favourable. In the case of the life assurance and annuity fund, applicable to their current series of policies, a large proportion of their holdings in British Government securities was held against obligations to their policyholders under War Loan and War Bond policies, and consequently the question of appreciation or depreciation of those investments was not one which directly concerned the Company. In that fund, however, there were other investments which at the end of the year showed a satisfactory appreciation, though none of them had been taken credit for in their accounts. This appreciation they regarded as an additional reserve against possible depreciation or other contingencies in the future, and he was sure that they would approve their decision.

QUINQUENNIAL VALUATIONS.

Perhaps the most interesting matters with regard to the life department were the valuations and distribution of profits which they had made in connection with both the closed fund of the old Eagle Company and the policies issued by the company under its current series, both of which quinquennial valuations fell due last year. In the case of the Eagle Fund, where the valuation was made as at September 30, they had been able to declare a reversionary bonus addition to all policies entitled to participate at the satisfactory rate of £1 per cent. per annum for the quinquennium, and after doing this the fund was left in a thoroughly healthy condition. It was very gratifying to be able to show such a result on this, the first investigation, after the transfer of the Eagle business to them, and he was sure it was regarded with satisfaction by the policyholders. In the case of the current British Dominions business, the quinquennial valuation was made as at December 31, 1921. It was made on a stringent basis, and the results showed that the confidence he expressed last year was justified. As the result of the valuation a gross surplus of £84,471 was disclosed, and of this they had decided to distribute £76,102, leaving £8,369 to be carried forward. This had enabled them to declare in the case of policies in the ordinary participating branch a reversionary bonus addition to the sum assured at the rate of 30s. per cent. per annum, while in the case of policies in the abstainers' section the addition was 15s. per cent. per annum, so that the profits in the abstainers' section had proved larger than in the ordinary participating branch. He was sure they would regard the results of the valuation as very satisfactory. The directors had taken particular care in the selection of risks, and were satisfied that the business on their books was good business.

RECENT FAILURES.

Referring to the failure of various companies newly formed for insurance business all the world over, he said that this was exactly what men of insurance experience in this country expected to happen. Several others were showing signs of trouble, and would fail in due course. The failure of one particular group caused some sensation, but he would point out that a failure of this kind, however lamentable to those concerned, was very beneficial in the end to the wealthy and well-established companies, and it brought home to the public that the cheapest insurance was not necessarily the best. It had instantly the effect of bringing back to the older companies a substantial proportion of business they had lost by rate-cutting during the last few years. The immediate cause of this particular failure was the extraordinary laxity in the method of making investments. With regard to the Eagle Company, there was nothing that engaged the attention of the directors more than the question of investment, in connection with which they had an investment department presided over by a very capable manager, Mr. John Spencer. So far as this company was concerned, it had been their practice where they had reinsurance treaties, except in very special cases, to hold security in connection with them, and they did so in that case, and if, when the treaties finally wound up, there should be any loss over and above the securities they held, it would not in any case be one that would materially affect them.

The report was unanimously adopted, the proposed dividends were approved, the retiring directors and auditors were re-elected, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff.

ELDER DEMPSTER & CO., LTD.

TRADERS AS SHIP OWNERS.

THE TWELFTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Elder Dempster and Co., Ltd., was held on the 18th inst., at 23, Billiter Street, E.C., Sir Owen Philipps, G.C.M.G., M.P., chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. Picton H. Jones) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said:—

Gentlemen,—The business of Elder Dempster and Company was founded fifty-three years ago, and we have been engaged ever since in building up and maintaining the ocean carrying trade between Europe and West Africa.

Our Company has grown and developed with the progress of the West African Colonies, towards which it has assisted in no small measure by providing modern and up-to-date facilities for the conveyance of passengers and produce.

We also possess important interests in the Shipping Trades between Canada and South Africa, and between the United States and West Africa, as well as to and from the Gulf of Mexico and other parts of the world.

Our Share and Debenture Capital and Reserves now amount to over 10 million pounds sterling.

MERCHANTS AND OWNERS.

In earlier days it was not unusual for Steamship Owners also to act as merchants and traders, and this policy is still being pursued by some foreign Shipping concerns, notably one of the big Danish Maritime Companies, which I understand also carries on a large mercantile business. The well-known German firm of Carl Woermann, prior to the war, combined a merchant business with shipowning.

Doubtless this course of action has certain advantages from the Steamship Owners' point of view, but my opinion has always been, and still is, that the best interests of the merchants and shipowners engaged in any trade are secured by limiting their activities to their respective spheres.

Many years ago—shortly after I became Chairman of Elder Dempster and Company—a number of leading merchants in the West African Trade specially urged us to refrain from engaging in business considered to be competitive to them as merchants and to confine ourselves as shipowners to providing transport facilities.

For many years past this has been the adopted basis on which our business has been conducted, and I believe it is a policy which, in the long run, should prove of greatest service to the merchants and others interested in the trade with the West African Colonies.

TENDENCY TO COMBINE.

Since the War, owing to severe competition in business, there has been a greater tendency than ever for all commercial concerns, whether manufacturing, merchanting or shipowning, each to combine in larger units. Within reasonable limits, there is, in my view, much to be said for the development of business along these lines. A big concern interested in a particular industry, provided it is well managed, is able to carry on its operations at a smaller margin of profit on each individual transaction, and thus benefits the whole community.

At the same time, in this free country, so long as we are not unduly hampered by bureaucratic control, there will always be ample room for the smaller firms.

On the other hand, if any large group of merchants consider it to their advantage to do their own carrying, this naturally alters the whole position. Such action on their part may compel the steamship owners, however reluctantly, in order to secure the necessary freight, to take steps to obtain cargo for their own vessels.

Whilst I hope it may not be necessary to do this, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that, in the long run, it would doubtless be to the advantage of the steamship owners to adopt such a course, because glancing at the dividends paid by the big merchant houses in the last generation, it is evident that if the profits of merchants and carriers were divided between the two interests in proportion to the capital employed in their respective businesses, as would be the natural outcome of each encroaching upon the other's sphere, the shipowners would have more to gain than to lose.

I am convinced that if a portion of the enormous capital which this Company and its associated concerns have employed in shipping were invested in the merchanting business of West Africa, the result over a period of years would undoubtedly be to the benefit of our Company.

I hope that any of the merchants who may not entirely realize the full facts of the situation will not render it necessary for us to depart from the broad and sound policy on which British West African business has been built up and maintained for many years past.

SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT.

During the period under review, West African trade has continued to suffer from the general world depression, but, as mentioned in the Report, signs of improvement have now become evident. I hope they will be well maintained and become more pronounced in the near future.

In July, 1921, a considerable reduction was made in the rates of freight on the principal commodities from West Africa, and a further reduction came into force on 1st March last.

It was with considerable gratification that we were able

recently to re-introduce a number of Transit options, giving shippers on reasonable terms a wider range of markets to which they can forward their goods. These facilities are proving very advantageous to all our shippers, both large and small.

The present cost of travel by sea to all parts of the world is, in my opinion, unduly high and tends to limit passenger traffic. The expense of running high-class passenger vessels is still very high, but, in order to encourage an improvement in passenger business, it will probably be advisable again to reduce the fares in anticipation of further reductions in the cost of coal, wages, upkeep, etc.

WEST AFRICAN DEVELOPMENTS.

I am glad to report that work on the construction of the first instalment of the Apapa Docks and Wharf scheme at Lagos has now been commenced by the Nigerian Government. The facilities which it is intended by this scheme to provide should serve as a great stimulus to the trade of Nigeria.

There has been considerable difference of opinion with reference to the proposal to construct a Harbour at Takoradi, mainly on the ground of its costliness. I personally am convinced of its ultimate great benefit in the development of the trade of the Gold Coast, provided always that its cost is kept within reasonable limits.

Our new motor passenger vessel "Aba" took her place in the West African Express Service during the year under review, being the first motor passenger ship to be engaged in any regular passenger trade. A second motor passenger vessel—the "Ancobra"—will be launched this month and is expected to be in commission by the autumn. Both these fine vessels should prove a great attraction to passengers.

In addition, three new cargo steamers have been delivered by the builders during the past year.

The Recreation Ground provided for our staff at Liverpool has proved very popular and a great boon. I hope to have the pleasure of going to Liverpool on 10th June next to open the new Club House.

I wish to express, for myself and on behalf of the Board, appreciation of the devotion to the interests of the Company on the part of our Liverpool Managing Directors, and of the loyal and faithful service of the Company's Officials and Staffs, at home, abroad and afloat. I was personally pleased to welcome the appearance of the new Elder Dempster Staff Magazine as being a stimulus to the goodwill and esprit de corps of our personnel.

TAXATION PROBLEMS.

Taxation has just been slightly reduced, but with still nearly two million people out of work in this country it is, in my view, essential that taxation should as soon as possible be further remitted.

This is not practicable unless greater economy is exercised. For many months past the Press has been full of appeals for more rigid economy on the part of the Government, which is most desirable; but what is really wanted to put this country in a better position is not only for every one, from the highest to the lowest, to work harder than ever before, but also personally to economise wherever possible.

Individuals, private firms and public companies should all set an example to the Government by first putting their own houses in order. When individuals, firms and companies reduce their expenditure to something approaching the pre-war standard and thus give a practical illustration to officials and members of the Government, then we can in all fairness not only call upon, but insist upon, the Government following their example.

It is all very well to attack the Government for not making larger reductions in expenditure; but until we all in our private capacities and all those in control of commercial concerns and industries throughout this country put into practice similar economy to that which is demanded from the Government, it will, I fear, be hopeless to expect the Government to make the necessary economies, many of which, although necessary, may be far from popular with a considerable section not only of the electorate, but also of the House of Commons. Some at least of those who have been most blatant in shouting for economy in public expenditure have themselves in their past records not set an example for the Government to follow.

THE FUTURE.

Looking to the future, whilst we are still confronted with many difficult and complex problems, I am personally of opinion that the worst of our troubles are passing away, and that, with goodwill, hard work and strict economies, the corner will be turned and business all round will steadily revive.

I beg to move:—"That the report of the directors and the statement of accounts for the year ended the 31st December, 1921, be and they are hereby approved and adopted, and that out of the profits there be paid on the ordinary share a final dividend of 5 per cent., free of income-tax, making with the interim dividend paid in October 1921, 8 per cent. for the year."

The Rt. Hon. the Viscount Pirrie, K.P., P.C., seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman next moved the re-election of Mr. John Craig as a Director, remarking that that gentleman had been associated with the Company for a great many years.

This resolution was also seconded by Lord Pirrie, and unanimously agreed to.

On the proposition of Mr. D. I. Conradi, seconded by Mr. E. Bicker-Caarten, Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co. were re-appointed Auditors, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

TANGANYIKA CONCESSIONS, LIMITED

THE ADJOURNED ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Tanganyika Concessions, Ltd., was held on the 19th inst. in London, Mr. Tyndale White (the chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said that the year 1921 had been, in the copper business as in every other industry, a period of unexampled depression and general industrial upheaval, but they all hoped that they were on the eve of better times and that there would be an early improvement in the price of the metal in which they were so deeply interested.

Mr. Robert Williams (managing director) then dealt exhaustively with the report and accounts. He said that notwithstanding the collapse in the price of metals and the inevitably high costs of production the Union Minière were able to show 14,622,165 francs as working results for 1920, the balance of which was used for depreciation. The year under review had been one of great stringency, but owing to the soundness of the undertaking in which they were interested they had been able to survive the crisis. The operation of the Union Minière had, under the circumstances, been satisfactory, in fact the record output of 30,464 tons of copper had been reached. The present rate was over 3,000 tons per month. Since the last general meeting the Union Minière mineral concessions had been extended up to 1990, and a scheme of finance for installing the necessary plant to treat the ores on a large scale had been arranged. The official returns of copper ore reserves on January 1, 1922, gave 49,000,000 tons of about 6 per cent. ore containing about 2,800,000 tons of copper. These reserves were calculated from the development of only twelve mines in the eastern group of the deposit. Unofficial estimates of the reserves in the western mines now under development gave a provisional figure of at least 20,000,000 tons of ore, averaging 8 to 9 per cent. copper, or over 1,700,000 tons of copper. Thus the estimate reserves of ore in the mines now under development amounted to well over 70,000,000 tons of ore, containing about 4,500,000 tons of copper.

After careful investigation it had been decided that the treatment of these ores could best be dealt with by the Union Minière itself, and not by subsidiary companies as formerly proposed. Accordingly arrangements had been made for the raising of 300,000,000 francs for the installation of plant, to increase the production of copper in progressive stages to over 100,000 tons per annum by the issue of "obligations" which, in addition to interest at 6 per cent., would receive 25 per cent. of the profits from the year 1928. During the period of installation of the new plant the interest on the new "obligations" would be charged to capital account, and would therefore in no way affect the profits for a period of six years. The securing of capital under these conditions constituted a great advantage to the old shareholders. In 1928, thanks to the provision of this capital, the shareholders would receive 75 per cent. of the profits from this greatly increased output. Only last week in Brussels, he (the speaker) agreed to a contract extending guaranteed traffic to Rhodesian railways until 1930 with a safe-guarding clause as to copper traffic in return for reduced rates, and he was confident that General Smuts, with his usual far-sightedness, would recognise the necessity of the Benguela railway if the big scheme of development was to mature, by which Rhodesia and the Rhodesian railways would be benefited enormously. It was proposed to create 1,300,000 new shares of £1, and to offer 750,000 to the shareholders as 10 per cent. cumulative preference shares convertible into ordinary shares for a period of five years at 22s. each. The issue had been underwritten for a commission of 10 per cent., which was to include underwriting, over-riding, and other expenses, including advertising and printing up to an amount of £6,000. The underwriters had been granted to call on 500,000 preference shares at par for one year and on 50,000 ordinary shares at par for two years, but with the proviso that the company should be at liberty to cancel the call on the uncalled preference shares after the first six months unless the option-holders advanced 80 per cent. of the par value of such shares as a loan at 6 per cent. per annum if required by the

company. The shares would be offered to the shareholders from 27th May to 10th June in the proportion of one preference share for three ordinary shares or part of three shares, with the right to apply for excess.

The Company had a 40 per cent interest in the Nile Congo Divide Syndicate, the operations of which were most promising. Gold had been found in several rivers over a large area, and pannings up to £2 value per cubic yard had been found.

The Rhodesia-Katanga Railway, in which they held a 70 per cent. interest, showed a surplus of receipts over expenditure of £93,000 in 1921, as against £50,384 in 1920. As the debenture interest only required £44,000 the results were very satisfactory. In conclusion, he said he believed the Company had turned the corner after very trying times, and he hoped to be able to announce soon that the original railway programme for the development of Katanga was to be carried out. He had been called an optimist, but the progress of development of ore reserves in Katanga was justifying all his estimates. He questioned if any other mine could show such reserves, including as they did copper alone of a value of about £270,000,000 even at today's price.

The report was adopted and at a subsequent extraordinary general meeting the proposed increase of capital was unanimously agreed to.



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